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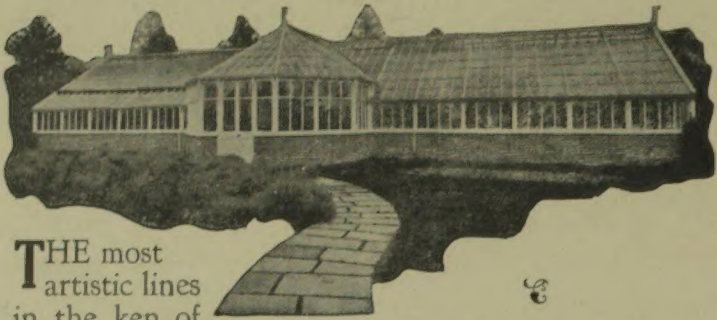
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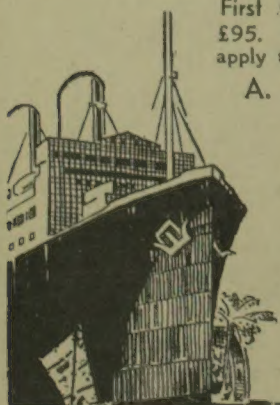
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RELICS OF ANDRÉE FOUND IN THE ARCTIC AFTER 33 YEARS: (BELOW) HIS OBSERVATION LOG, PEDOMETER, DIARY, AND PENCIL; (ABOVE) TWO FILES, AN ARCTIC BOOT, WRITING-PAD, AND MITTEN.

Since the dramatic discovery of Andrée's remains was first announced, further details have been given regarding the various relics found at his last camp on White Island. His observation log was the first object taken from the boat when it was discovered (on August 6), and many other things, including articles of dress, appeared on closer inspection. In Andrée's coat pockets was found the diary shown above, and there were also a pencil and his pedometer.

After the remains had been brought to Norway, and examined by a scientific commission, another volume of the diary (of which the one above mentioned seemed to be a continuation) was found wrapped in Andrée's clothing. The writing was in pencil and most of the pages were stuck together, so that special treatment was necessary to decipher it. Further illustrations of the discovery appear on pages 427, 428, and 429.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE newspapers very frequently, perhaps too frequently, describe to us the Victorian Girl, who was always covered with blushes and confusion. On the other hand, the Modern Girl has more and more of the confusion, as she has less and less of the blushes. Confusion of thought, confusion of phraseology, confusion of philosophy, deepen and darken upon her as she advances into what she regards as the daylight, or the sunlight of the Sun Cure. She and all her world seem to have got into a hopeless chaos about deciding the real principles of convention and civilisation. Whatever theory we may hold, we find that she holds all the theories and none of the theories; that her theories contradict each other and cancel out. The ordinary argument in the newspapers, on the subject of Dress and Decorum, for instance, is a hash of half a hundred inconsistent philosophies. It may be worth while that some of them should be sorted out, before there are too many of them to be counted.

To begin with, there is the great contradiction that the modern person pretends to be at once too innocent and too sophisticated. First he says that certain sins are so remote and repulsive that only a low-minded spy would suspect their existence. Then he goes on to say that these sins are not so very bad, even if they exist. He shouts at the top of his voice: "To the pure in heart all things are pure"; and then goes on to explain that there is really no such thing as purity. He calls the moralist a Puritan, as the most withering of all terms of abuse; which is very amusing to some of us, who remember how recently we were called upon to admire the Puritanism of the *Mayflower* and the execution of Charles the First, and to pardon the massacre of Wexford and the witch-smelling of Salem merely because they were Puritan. He describes any decent citizen as Nosey Parker or (with a touch of fierce anti-feminism) as Mrs. Grundy; all with the object of suggesting that nobody but a person with an impure imagination could see anything but spotless purity in the pagan habits of our time.

Well, all that is applicable enough, when there is really anybody to apply it to. I have myself protested against Puritanism and Parkerism and the sour vigilance that would arrest the amusements of the populace. I entirely agree that it is disgusting to be nose-y about anything that is normal; such as dancing or swimming, considered in themselves. My position on that point is what it has always been, and my position is perfectly clear. But the position of the New Pagan is not in the least clear. For the New Pagan attempts to maintain, at the same time, that the real violation of Christian morals is unimportant to the Pagan moralist. But in that case, how can it be wrong for the Christian moralist to accuse the Pagan moralist? The Christian cannot be merely morbid in saying that sin is involved, if the Pagan says that sin is irrelevant even if it is involved. I may be mad if I accuse my friend Smith of stealing the spoons, when he is a respectable person with the ordinary respect for private property. But I cannot be morbidly and insanely malicious when I say he might steal the spoons if he says himself that he *will* steal the spoons. I may call it being a thief, and he may call it being a Class-conscious Communist Expropriator. But it is absurd to pretend that property does not matter, and then to be indignant at the charge

of thinking it does not matter. It is equally absurd to deny propriety as to deny property, and then to say that only a fiend would suspect you of disregarding the property or propriety that you deny.

This is an obvious example of the modern muddle, but it is an annoying one. Whether certain acts are wicked or no we will debate when the statement is clearly made to us. But a thing cannot be so wicked that it is insane to suggest it, and so innocent that it is blameless to do it. There are, however, a large

number of other confusions which any clear-thinking man can see in the modern commentary. We talk about the pagan philosophy; but the trouble with our own pagans is that they have no philosophy. We talk, by a sort of habit, about Modern Thought, forgetting the familiar fact that moderns do not think. They only feel, and that is why they are so much stronger in fiction than in facts; why their novels are so much better than their newspapers. The current comment on all these things is not even pagan; it is the queerest sort of patchwork of pagan and purely Christian ideas.

For instance, somebody is sure to say in the debate about Decorum: "Is not the human body beautiful?" To which somebody a little more sensible will be quite entitled to answer "No." If he is a Scot, and therefore a Socratic philosopher, he will be entitled to answer the question with a question, and say: "Is the hippopotamus beautiful?" The hippopotamus is certainly natural, even if he looks unnatural. He is certainly naked, and accepts no regulations about bathing - tents or bathing-costumes. But the mere fact that he is natural does not make us, in the ordinary sense, admit that he is beautiful. Personally, for my own part, I think he is beautiful; but then, I have a Gothic taste for the grotesque, nourished upon gargoyles. I know what I mean by saying that gargoyles may be beautiful. But the modern materialists do not know what they mean by saying that men must be beautiful.

All that talk about the divinity and dignity of the human body is stolen from theology, and is quite meaningless without theology. It dates from the Garden of Eden, and the idea (which I happen to hold firmly) that God created Man in His own image. But, if you remove that religious idea, there is no more sense in saying that every human being is lovely than in saying that every hippopotamus is lovely. It is a matter of taste; and many of us, after watching a sufficient number of human beings at Brighton, might prefer the hippopotamus.

The old atheists had a theory of life, that could be stated as a connected train of thought. The old theologians had a theory of life, that could be stated as a connected train of thought. But the moderns who call themselves Pagans have no connected theory that can be stated at all. Their view of life is a hotch-potch of human and super-human and sub-human ideas, collected everywhere and connected nowhere. The modern muddler likes to think he is the Superman; likes to think he is the image of God; likes to think as he pleases; but prefers not to think at all. If he had the humility to behave like a beast, we should at least be free from the obligation to regard him as a god. We should not be bound to admit that every beast is beautiful; having religious doubts, perhaps, about the hippopotamus or the hornbill. If he would clearly and consistently aspire to beauty, we might ask him to add to it a little dignity. But in fact he has returned to chaos, where there is no asking, nor is there any answer. If man comes out of chaos, by blind evolution or merely groping growth, there is no more sense in calling his body noble than in calling any lump of fungus or cactus noble. If it is noble, it is so by some patent of nobility; and nobility is conferred by a King. But I advise such writers to defer the study of the Body and begin to employ the Mind.



THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT TO NORWAY THE BODIES OF ANDRÉE AND STRINDBERG, WITH THE RELICS OF THEIR LAST ARCTIC CAMP: THE MOTOR-VESSEL "BRATVAAG" (ON RIGHT) ANCHORED AT SKJERVO, ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST, ON HER RETURN FROM WHITE ISLAND.



PRINCIPALS IN THE DISCOVERY OF THE ANDRÉE RELICS: (CENTRE) DR. GUNNAR HORN, LEADER OF THE NORWEGIAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION; (ON LEFT) M. ADOLF SOERENSEN, ZOOLOGIST; (ON RIGHT) CAPTAIN P. ELIASSEN, MASTER OF THE "BRATVAAG."

The actual discovery of Andrée's camp on White Island was made by two members of the crew of the "Bratvaag," which carried the Norwegian scientific expedition under Dr. Gunnar Horn. Captain Eliassen arrived on the scene almost immediately, and at once sent a message to the ship to summon Dr. Horn, whose description of the event is quoted under our large photograph of Andrée's boat on pages 428 and 429. The "Bratvaag" arrived on September 2 at Tromsø, Norway, where the coffins and other relics were landed, with military honours, and taken to a hospital for examination by scientists. The Swedish Government arranged that the bodies should be brought thence to Stockholm, for a public funeral, in the Swedish gunboat "Svenskund," which took Andrée out to Spitzbergen in 1897 for the Polar balloon flight whose tragic end has only now been revealed.

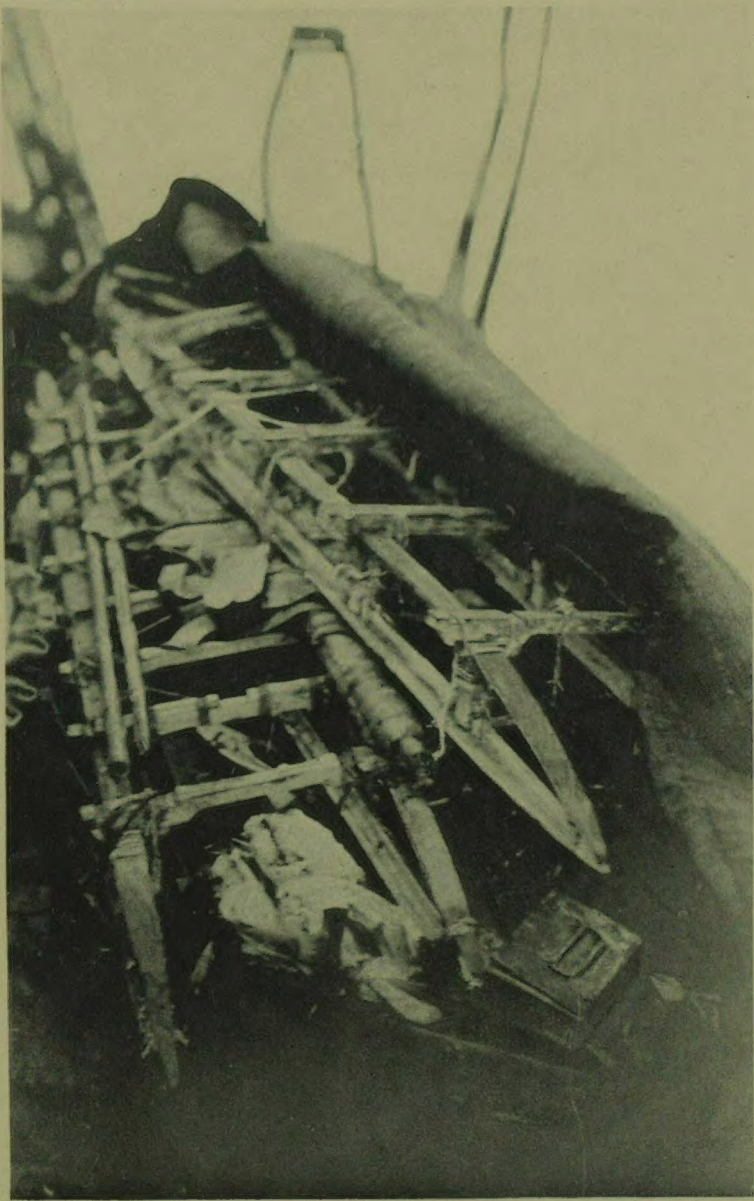
THE ARCTIC GIVES UP ITS DEAD: ANDRÉE'S BODY; AND OTHER RELICS.



SHOWING THE SKULL (MARKED WITH A CROSS BELOW IT) FOUND SEPARATE FROM THE BODY: STRINDBERG'S "GRAVE" ON WHITE ISLAND, WITH A YOUNG BIRD NEWLY HATCHED FROM THE EGG BESIDE IT.



EXAMINING ANDRÉE'S CAMERA—OF REFLEX TYPE, WITH PLATES AND COMPASS, VERY MODERN IN DESIGN AT THE TIME (1897): M. ADOLF SOERENSEN, THE ZOOLOGIST OF THE NORWEGIAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.



SHOWING ANDRÉE'S CAMERA (ALSO SEEN IN THE UPPER RIGHT ILLUSTRATION) IN RIGHT FOREGROUND: THE INTERIOR OF HIS CANVAS BOAT, WHICH CONTAINED CLOTHING, INSTRUMENTS, AND POLAR BEAR BONES.



THE REMAINS OF ANDRÉE—PRACTICALLY A SKELETON, AND HEADLESS, BUT IDENTIFIED BY INITIALS ON THE CLOTHES—IN HIS CAMP, WHICH HAD BEEN RAVAGED BY A BEAR—(BACKGROUND) A PETROLEUM BOILING APPARATUS STILL IN WORKING ORDER.

In Dr. Gunnar Horn's description of Andrée's camp (in the "Times") we read: "Andrée himself, only recognisable by the monogram on his coat, leant against the side of the mountain a few yards north-east of the boat. . . . Beside him were a gun and a petroleum boiling contrivance. Oil was in the apparatus, and, on pumping, the oil came out in a fine spray. On opening the valve, the gas streamed out, and the machine was instantly in full order. . . . A little farther ahead, we found another member of the expedition (identified later as Strindberg). . . . The camp had been considerably ravaged by a bear." Afterwards, when the remains were examined at Tromsø, some bones in the boat were found to be those of a Polar bear, and not those of Fränkel, the third of the lost explorers, as

previously supposed. His body was found at the camp later by a party from the relief ship "Isbjörn." The remains of Andrée and Strindberg were almost skeletons. Those of Strindberg were identified from the teeth; the clothes had apparently been torn by wild animals. Andrée's body was headless, and Strindberg's skull was separate from the trunk. Further search of Andrée's clothing led to the conclusion that he had outlived his companion, as in Andrée's pockets were found things that were recognised by M. Strindberg, the Swedish sculptor, as having belonged to his brother. The boat, whose contents when found were covered with ice, was filled with the expedition's equipment, including Andrée's camera, illustrated above.

SHROUDED IN "THE GREAT WHITE SILENCE": THE SECRET OF ANDRÉE REVEALED AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS.



"THIS MAGNIFICENT QUIETNESS AND SENSE OF DEATH": ANDRÉE'S BOAT, HALF-BURIED IN

Here is the scene of one of the most dramatic events in the history of Polar exploration—the accidental discovery of Andrée's last camp in the Arctic. With his two comrades, Strindberg and Fränkel, he ascended from Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, on July 11, 1897, with the intention of reaching the North Pole, and their fate remained a mystery until, on August 6 of this year, their last camp, with the bodies of Andrée and Strindberg, was found by a Norwegian scientific expedition, in the motor-ship "Bratvaag," on Kvito, or White Island, between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land. Later, the body of Fränkel was found by a landing party from the relief ship, "Isbjörn." The scene as it appeared to the first discoverers was finely described (in the "Times") by Dr. Gunnar Horn, leader of the Norwegian expedition. "On August 6 the mighty cupola of Kvito rose majestically from the low coast-line. . . . Here was the great white silence indeed, and it was impossible not to feel a little depressed by this magnificent quietness and sense of death. . . .



THE SNOW, WITH A SLEDGE (LYING JUST BEYOND), AS DISCOVERED ON WHITE ISLAND.

Salen and Tusvik crossed a small beach hill to get drinking water, where we had observed a little rivulet, and close by it they saw on the snow something dark. . . . They at once went to the spot and saw a boat sticking out of the snow." In it was a boat-hook engraved "Andrée Polar Expedition." The captain at once summoned Dr. Horn from the ship. "Strange were our feelings (the latter continues) on standing on the very beach where valiant Andrée and his companions thirty-three years ago had made their last halt. There was a boat half-buried in the snow with the stern towards the shore. Beside it was a sledge. . . . We may imagine their joy when they set foot on the island. . . . But from Kvito they could not get away; exhaustion and cold took them. To us, to whose lot it fell to find and bring home one of the great pioneers of Polar exploration, it has been a great and solemn event which will never be effaced from our memory. On August 7 we left Kvito. . . . We had wrung from it one of the greatest secrets of the Arctic."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CORMORANTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I WAS a little shocked, the other day, to be told that there are one or two angling societies in the country who pay a bounty of half a crown for every cormorant killed! The greed of the cormorant is proverbial; but surely the greed of the angler is greater! This state of things is the more deplorable because, as with the case of the "Birds of Killingworth," the motto of the slayers seems to be the same: "Kill, kill, and let the Lord find out His own!" Man flatters himself that he is better than the beasts that perish, for he possesses "intelligence." One often wonders what use he makes of this precious possession. The slayer of the cormorants will tell you that each of these birds eats more than his own weight of fish per day. This, of course, is pure guesswork. Furthermore, the charge that the fish eaten are all salmon, or all trout, or all of some one or other of the marketable fish as caught by fishermen, is also pure guesswork. This also may be said of the assumption that if there were no cormorants there would be more fish. These birds have never been put upon their trial, but are condemned and shot at sight! And this by "sportsmen"!

The greatest enemies of salmon, in the "smolt" stage, are "coal-fish, and other members of the cod family." So much is this realised that those interested in the salmon-fishery catch and destroy, or give away, large numbers of coal-fish. Now, the "cod family" have a great attraction for cormorants, so that every coal-fish eaten by a cormorant is one less salmon-enemy to be "destroyed." Here, then, once more we find that the would-be conservators of the salmon are slaying a useful ally and not a deadly enemy! For the present I leave it at that. I have good reason for deprecating this insensate slaughter, based on ignorance and inspired by greed. For the cormorant, and its near relation the shag and the gannet, are the only representatives among our British birds of that most interesting group known as the "Steganopodes," since all share the same peculiar type of foot, wherein all the toes are included in a common web. In all other web-footed birds the hind-toe—when present—is free.

Those who are spending a holiday by the sea just now may have the good fortune to see the cormorant daily, and perhaps also the shag. But only on the West Coast of England or Scotland can they be fairly sure of seeing the gannet. But let none be content with the mere ability to identify each at sight. Knowledge should begin, not end, here. It will, indeed, prove well worth while not only to

rock with his wings set wide open, and sometimes gently waved. In this pose the long black body and the backward position of the legs are conspicuous. When swim-

gannet, like the kingfisher, dives for his food. But the gannet's dive is a sight to be remembered, for it plunges headlong on its prey from a great height, sometimes with such force as to disappear for an instant under water. On this account, probably, the whole body is enveloped in a pneumatic jacket. For between the skin and the body there lies a meshwork of intercommunicating chambers filled with air; and these, no doubt, break the force of the contact with the water during that wild plunge seawards. The gannet spends most of its life on the wing; the cormorant is almost entirely afloat, save when resting after a meal, though he can fly at need.

In the cormorant and the gannet we have two very divergent branches of a common stock, so divergent that they seem to have little in common. It is interesting, then, to turn to another branch of the family which is evidently an offshoot of the cormorants; and this gave rise to the darters. The darter may very properly be described as a cormorant with a dagger-like beak instead of the hook-tipped one of our bird. And this difference in the beak is intimately associated with the mode of fishing which this bird adopts. For, though it chases its prey under water, it does not seize it with its beak, but "spikes" it. And this beak is further peculiar in that its edges bear needle-like "teeth." Most curious of all, however, is the structure of the neck. In Fig. 3 it will be noticed that there is a sharp "kink" in the neck, seen in no other bird. This is due to a special modification of the bones and muscles, and enables the head to be shot forward with incredible speed when the victim is judged to be at the proper distance for the spear-thrust.

The pelican is easily first where flight is concerned, for the members of a flock will mount to great heights and soar for considerable periods, like adjutant storks; and when in full flight, it is to be noted, they draw the head down close to the body, after the fashion of the heron. After one of these soaring flights they are said to plunge headlong down to the sea like "winged meteors," accompanied by a roaring sound made by the rush of air against their pinions. For dexterity and speed combined the prize must go to the "man-o'-war bird," or "frigate-bird," who obtains his food by chasing other sea-birds till they disgorge their last meal, which is caught before it reaches the sea!

When I set out to write this essay I meant it to include at least a brief survey of the pelicans, frigate-birds, and tropic-birds. This is obviously now impossible. But they shall have their turn on another occasion.



FIG. 1. A TYPE OF BIRD WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, IS UNJUSTLY REGARDED AS A DESTROYER OF EDIBLE FISH: THE COMMON CORMORANT—IN HIS BLACK-AND-WHITE "BREEDING-DRESS."

In the "breeding-dress" of the common cormorant, the white face and neck and the white patch on the thigh are not due to ordinary feathers, but to exceedingly large "filo-plumes." These are the long, hair-like filaments which are seen on a plucked fowl and have to be singed off.

ming, the body sinks low in the water; and the dive for food is taken in a headlong curve, without rising from the surface. In the spring, it should be noted, the head and neck bear an appearance of hoary whiteness, and there is a big white patch on the thigh. These white areas are present only during the breeding season; and they are due to a very singular feature, for they are not formed by the normal contour-features, but by excessively long "filo-plumes": the curious, hair-like growths which have to be singed off in a plucked fowl. Why should they be so conspicuous in the cormorant and remain concealed beneath the contour-feathers in the shag?

Between these two birds and the gannet there are many and striking differences, not merely in coloration, but in structure and habits. As touching coloration, there are curious contrasts. The nestling cormorant has the down of a dark-brown, almost black; the nestling gannet seems to be invested in swans-down. The immature cormorant does not differ materially from the adult. The immature gannet is black, with white spots; the adult pure white, save for a buff tinge on the head in the breeding season. Why should this bird start life in a garment of pure white, pass from this into black, and, on attaining maturity, again become white? Why are the feathers pigmented only during adolescence? But all gannets—for there are many species—are not white. The "booby," for instance. More striking still is the method of fishing. For the

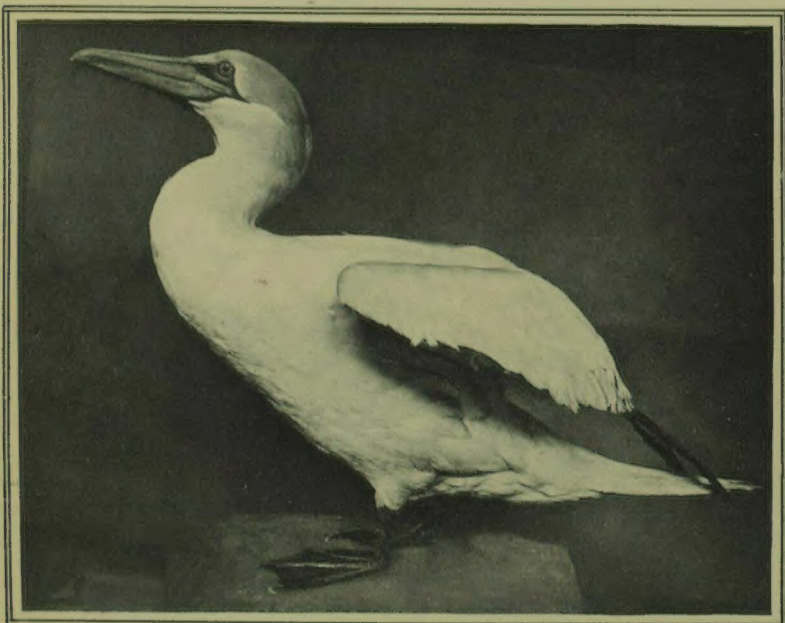


FIG. 2. THE GANNET: A BIRD WHICH IS COVERED WITH A PNEUMATIC "JACKET" OF AIR CELLS, TO MITIGATE THE SHOCK OF HIS EXCEEDINGLY HIGH DIVES INTO THE WATER.

As the gannet does not chase his prey under water, the legs are placed further forward than are those of the common cormorant, so that the carriage of the body is almost horizontal. The plumage of the adult is white. The immature bird is of a sooty black spotted with white.

spend a little time studying the habits of each, but to compare the differences in habit and habitat as between these three birds. And this will inevitably lead to a desire to extend the comparison and include their less-known relatives the darter, pelican, tropic-bird, and frigate-bird. Since a comparison will bring out very sharply the closeness of the relationship between structure and habit, one might profitably confine this essay to a comparison between the numerous species of cormorant known to the ornithologist. This would reveal not only differences in coloration, but also the fact that one species had become flightless. But these differences, though striking, would not so well help to particularise the cormorant as will a more general survey.

Our British cormorant may well be taken as the type of his race, and may be distinguished at once by the novice by his curious habit, after a meal, of sitting perched on a



FIG. 3. THE AMERICAN DARTER, OR "SNAKE BIRD" (PLOTUS ANHINGA): REALLY A LONG-BEAKED CORMORANT.

The tail feathers of the darter are remarkable for the curious corrugations down the outer vane of the central feathers. The odd "kink" in the neck is also peculiar to it.

THE WEMBLEY OF THE WAVES! THE "DOGS" GO TO SEA.



MIMIC GREYHOUND-RACING ON AN "ATLANTIC GREYHOUND": AN EVENT IN PROGRESS IN THE "BERENGARIA"—
MOVING THE RUNNERS ACCORDING TO THE THROW OF THE DICE.

That extraordinarily popular sport, greyhound-racing, now arouses enthusiasm, in deck-game form, aboard one of this country's largest "Atlantic Greyhounds"—the Cunard liner "Berengaria." The "pieces"—each of which represents a different dog—are moved forward on the cloth in accordance with the throw

of the dice (seen on the table in the bottom left-hand corner of the photograph), as in the old-fashioned "race-game." Bets laid on the "runners"—even bets in counters!—provide additional excitement for passengers keen to vary the familiar ship's sports with an amusement as new as it is engrossing.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MANY literary folk—myself among them—live a sedentary life, anchored to a chair and table and pining all the time for the hills and woods and the wide open spaces. Some writers, however, have reversed the process, beginning as men of action and turning later to the toils of the scribe. A few eminent names occur to one in this connection, such as Conrad, Masefield, and Cunningham Graham, to mention a few at random. Another example has just turned up in the distinguished author of "ON THE TRAIL." My Reminiscences as a Cowboy. By Frank Harris (John Lane; 7s. 6d.). When I read recently about his editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, in Mr. Arthur Waugh's volume "A Hundred Years of Publishing" and Mrs. W. L. Courtney's memoir of her late husband, I was quite unaware that Mr. Harris had in his adventurous youth been numbered among the broncho-busters.

I was not alone in my ignorance of that fact, apparently, for he himself writes: "There are people who are surprised to learn that I, the Frank Harris they all know as an author and critic, was a cowboy nearly sixty years ago... yet here at seventy-three, convalescing from a bad siege of bronchial-pneumonia, I look across my broad balcony overlooking Nice and the tideless Mediterranean, and nothing of what I see before me seems as real as the frontier life I knew as a boy. Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill Hickok, and the raiding Indians of the Wild West are no more.... But there was a time when the sight of one redskin meant hundreds were lying in wait to steal cattle and slaughter their guardians. I have been through more than one such raid, which I shall never forget, and I can thank the marksmanship of American cowboys for being alive to-day."

Mr. Harris has given us a fascinating book rich in authentic thrills. As a rule, I confess to being rather bored by the Wild West in the form of fiction or films, but it is a very different affair when presented by an accomplished writer as his actual experiences. We owe a debt of gratitude to those friends of his who persuaded Mr. Harris to set down his memories. "I finally surrendered to their arguments," he writes. "I dropped a sixth volume of 'Contemporary Portraits' I was working on and forgot all about the last fifty years. The great men I have known intimately—Emerson, Whitman, Carlyle, Ruskin, Rhodes, Whistler, Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy, King Edward, Maeterlinck, Dreiser, Clemenceau, Hardy, Kipling, Morgan, Schwab, Debs, Caillaux, Lloyd George, Balfour, and innumerable others who would certainly be classed at least as 'interesting people'—slipped away from me, and in their place stood cattle kings and cow-punchers, men whose names mean nothing, but whose valour and courage really built Western America from a wilderness to what it is to-day."

Both the above quotations occur within the first five pages of Mr. Harris's book, but—just to show that I have read it (irreligiously) from cover to cover—I will summarise briefly some notes which (in the absence of an index) I jotted down as I went along. The author was born in Galway, and at fourteen shipped steerage to America with fifty dollars awarded him in a Cambridge scholarship examination as a consolation prize, since he was too young to go to college. From New York he gravitated to Chicago, where he met two cattle kings who took him into partnership. After an incipient love-affair, we get a description of the trek to the Kansas ranch, and of the ranch house itself, which was furnished chiefly with rifles, revolvers, and bowie knives, and decorated only with pictures from the illustrated papers. Having learnt "the chief art of the cowboy"—riding, the author set out with his friends "on the trail." Then comes a chapter describing "his most dangerous experience," when he was pursued by Indians while out riding alone; and learnt "that safety on the prairie was simply a question of shooting." Later, a race-meeting in New Mexico leads to a quarrel over a girl between a Mexican and one of the author's party, culminating in a duel. Next, a cattle-raiding foray on the Mexican border illustrates Wordsworth's epitaph on Rob Roy—

... the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

When the despoiled Mexicans tried to recover their property, some wag suggested that a claim should be made against the Mexican Government for raiding United States territory! "The proposal (we read) was received with whoops and cheers. The idea of punishing the Mexicans for getting shot trying to recapture their own cattle appealed to us Americans as something intensely humorous.... Years afterwards Bent, whom I met by chance, told me that Rossiter had got twenty thousand dollars on that claim."

Once more the vital importance of good marksmanship was demonstrated when the camp was besieged by hundreds of Indians, and their repulse proved that "eight or nine splendid shots with repeating rifles in their hands, and offering no mark themselves, are a terrible force." Then the Indians stampeded the cattle at night, and, as a forlorn hope, the author and another succeeded in breaking through the cordon of Indian pickets and riding 300 miles in five nights to the nearest fort, whence they brought sixty U.S. troopers to the rescue just in time. Such are some of the "high spots" of Mr. Harris's unique story.

An earlier instance of an open-air man taking to literature—or at least consorting with literary people—a century or more ago, is presented in "THE FRIEND OF SHELLEY." A Memoir of Edward John Trelawny. By H. J. Massingham. Illustrated (Cobden-Sanderson; 21s.). As a finely

It has suffered of recent years, partly owing to the doubts cast upon his historical veracity, and partly to the uncritical acceptance of two or three ugly incidents associated with his name. I have endeavoured to shed the light of new material upon these and explain their psychological setting. I have also made a point of examining the charges brought against his truthfulness. I have not attempted to pursue the usual course of an historical biography. Trelawny's life is quite unsuited to that method. More than half the book is occupied with Trelawny's living relations to Shelley, Byron, and Mary Shelley, for the simple reason that his associations with them were by far the most significant part of his life."

I must now make an abrupt transition to a group of noteworthy books concerned with travel and trade and native life in Africa. As my remaining space is limited, a certain brevity is indicated. The only republic in a continent that is not so "dark" as it was—but for all that a black republic—is fully described, in straightforward and entertaining style, in "THE LAND OF THE PEPPER BIRD." Liberia. By Sidney de la Rue. With fifty illustrations (Putnam; 3.50 dols.). I am not quite sure why the Pepper Bird has been selected as the Liberian emblem, or whether it is restricted to that region. I do not find any description of its appearance, but it is

akin to Chanticleer in its habits. "The Pepper Bird's mission in life (says the author) is to wake up West Africa at sunrise. He is the original alarm-clock.... The Pepper Bird makes more noise and irritating chatter than all the others put together." Liberia, I may add, has a special interest for readers of this paper, since one of our eminent contributors, Mr. J. T. Grein (according to "Who's Who") performs the functions of its Consul-General in London in the intervals of dramatic criticism. There is a delightful chapter on Pidgin English, which includes an amusing argument between two boat-boys, one Catholic, the other Lutheran, as to the merits of their respective churches—but I must avoid theological controversy.

Africa is still the Dark Continent as depicted in "AFRICAN DRUMS." By Fred Puleston. Illustrated (Gollancz; 15s.), a work which gives a sombre picture of cruelty both in man and in Nature, and describes gruesome scenes in painful detail. The play "White Cargo" is mentioned as a faithful picture of life in West Africa. It is a powerful book, but, as the author's experiences date from the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century, I trust that the conditions may have since improved.

A happier spirit, though not without elements of pathos and danger, pervades a story based on more recent observations of Africa, namely, "STAMPEDE." A Romance of Arab Life. By Stella Court Treant, F.R.G.S. With thirty-two illustrations from the famous film (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). There should be many readers for this charmingly pictured book among those who have enjoyed its stirring episodes through the medium of the screen.

Romantic film fiction gives place to matter-of-fact experiences in "A NOMAD IN MOROCCO." Travels Across the Hinterland and Desert's Fringe, through Atlas Snows and Cities of the Plain. By Ben Assher. With thirty-eight photographs and a Map (Witherby; 12s. 6d.). The author follows his own devices untrammelled by any fixed routine, and preserving an open mind for fresh impressions. His narrative, though not particularly thrilling, has the value of a genuine literary photograph.

Much more adventurous, in the modern manner, is the tale of a 5500-mile motor-tour across Equatorial Africa, entitled "BY WAY OF THE SAHARA." The African Odyssey of Three Men and a Grocer's Van. By Owen Tweedy. With three Maps and sixty-four illustrations (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.). The author's experiences have provided him with material for a rattling good yarn, and he has told it uncommonly well. At the end we leave him, in his own words, "once again a man of sedentary habits."

C. E. B.



A SEA-PIECE OF HISTORIC INTEREST—BY W. VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER: "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS," WITH KING CHARLES II. ABOARD, BEING ESCORTED ACROSS THE CHANNEL BY THE BRITISH FLEET AT THE RESTORATION; WITH THE FIRST ROYAL YACHT IN ATTENDANCE.

This very interesting work by Van de Velde, the elder, is on exhibition this month at Messrs. Cyril Andrade's. The "Sovereign of the Seas" was soon to be re-named the "Royal Sovereign," as was recorded in our last issue, when we gave a coloured picture of her and reproduced, in monochrome, the model of her which is in the Museum of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and a representation of her, from a "double" picture, attributed to the Van de Veldes, which is now the property of the Nation. She is on the right in the painting here seen, flying the Royal Standard. The first Royal Yacht, a model of which is also preserved at Greenwich, is seen on the left.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Cyril Andrade, Ltd., 24, Hanover Square, W.1.]

written and penetrating study of one of the most perennially attractive groups of characters in all our literary history, Mr. Massingham's book is brimful of interest. I am not sure, though, that "memoir" is quite the right word for it. I am almost tempted to vary a well-worn dictum and say that "it is magnificent, but it is not biography." That, perhaps, would be too strong; but I do feel, especially as "no previous biography of Trelawny exists," that in "blazing the trail" the author might have brought together the known facts of his career more explicitly and consecutively at the outset, before entering upon discussions arising out of the inter-relations of Trelawny with Shelley, Byron, and other members of their circle.

As it is, many of the facts, such as those concerning Trelawny's three marriages, crop up incidentally at long intervals. I should be inclined to describe the book as a brilliant biographical essay. I say this with no intention of disparagement, knowing full well, from personal experience, how difficult it is to preserve coherence in recording a life that presents large gaps between periods of activity, and in which the main interest depends on character and personality. It may be that the author's treatment is the right one. He has adopted it deliberately, and it is only fair to quote his reasons. "Trelawny's life, as it has come down to us (writes Mr. Massingham), lacks all continuity; the brief summer of the Shelley period, followed closely by the thronged adventures of the Greek expedition, fades into an unbroken twilight, which I have done my best to prospect. Trelawny's reputation is another major difficulty for his biographer.

CONTRASTS IN MINOAN "MODERNITY": PALACE SANITATION; FRESCOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 434.)



1. EVIDENCE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CARE TAKEN BY MINOAN ARCHITECTS TO PROVIDE FOR THE SANITARY NEEDS OF THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS: GREAT CIRCULAR WALLED REFUSE-PITS, SYSTEMATICALLY CONSTRUCTED ON THE BORDER OF THE WEST COURT, TWO MORE OF WHICH WERE DISCOVERED RECENTLY.

2. THE THRONE ROOM AT KNOSSOS, WITH THE FRESCO FRIEZE OF GUARDIAN GRIFFINS RESTORED (BY M. GILLIERON): A WORK THAT "BRINGS HOME THE TIME WHEN THE LAST OF THE PRIEST-KINGS USED THIS CHAMBER, WITH ITS SURROUNDING BENCHES, FOR LUSTRAL RITES AND CONSISTORIES."



The Palace of Minos, at Knossos, the capital of an ancient civilisation in Crete, may be said to have possessed characteristics of modernity, not only in the quality of its art and architecture, but also in the matter of sanitation. Its discoverer, Sir Arthur Evans, says, in his article given on page 434 of this number: "As illustrating the extraordinary degree in which, from its very foundation, its sanitary needs were borne in mind, mention may be made of two additional walled pits, known as *koulouras*, for the disposal of refuse and rubbish, systematically ranged with the great circular receptacle of the same kind already discovered, and forming an integral part of the Palace plan." (See Fig. 1 above.) One of the chief works

of reconstruction to which Sir Arthur refers was the restoration of the building that contains the Throne Room, as shown in Fig. 3 on page 434. On the walls of this Throne Room was found a fresco frieze depicting four guardian griffins. The whole of this frieze has been restored (as shown above in Fig. 2) by Monsieur E. Gillieron fils, who also did the restoration painting from the bull relief illustrated in Fig. 7 on page 435. Sir Arthur Evans mentions that in the Throne Room were found elegant alabaster vases for ointment, which had been actually in course of replenishment from a large oil-jar "when, with dramatic suddenness, the stroke of Fate fell," some 3500 years ago.



"CROWNING RESULTS" OF RESTORATION WORK AT KNOSSOS.

GRIFFIN FRESCOS OF THE THRONE ROOM AND WONDERFUL PAINTED STUCCO RELIEFS OF BULL-HUNTING ON THE NORTHERN PORTICO.



By SIR ARTHUR EVANS. (See Illustrations on Pages 433, 435, 436 and 437.)

IT had been my intention—with the exception of some supplementary investigations of limited scope—to devote this year's work at Knossos to carrying out certain important arrears of reconstitution and restoration in the "Throne Room" system and the great Portico of the Northern Entrance. "Man proposes," but in this case it would appear that the great goddess of the spot had otherwise "disposed" as to the due time and season for new and wholly unexpected revelations as to the outer zone and boundaries of her palace sanctuary.

Up to a certain point, a summary account of these discoveries has appeared elsewhere (see the *Times*, June 20), and my present theme must confine itself to the original objective of the campaign, and what may be regarded as the crowning results of the work of reconstitution and restoration within the interior of the great building. As illustrating the extraordinary degree in which, from its very foundation, its sanitary needs were borne in mind, mention, however, may be made of two additional walled pits, known as *koulouras*, for the disposal of refuse, symmetrically ranged with the great circular receptacle of the same kind already found and forming an integral part of the palace plan (see Fig. 1, page 433).

Of the northern entrance passage, with its porticoes—originally on both sides—adorned with painted friezes in relief depicting bull-hunting scenes, some account will be found in the third volume of my "Palace" book, now issued.* The western terrace of this, the masonry of which rises in places nine courses, has been largely preserved, in contrast to the other, of which only the back wall and the lower part of the supporting bastions have escaped those who found it a convenient quarry. After the cessation of the palace as a palace—about 1400 B.C.—the surface of the ascending entrance-passage, still used by later squatters, continuously rose, and it was on a level at least as late as the settlement of the Achæans on the neighbouring town site—a level only a little below the terrace flat of the portico—that were found the noble remains of the painted stucco reliefs and, with them, the base of one of its supporting columns. The fact to which all this points, that some part at least of these fine compositions still clung to the back wall of the gallery above the Sea-Gate of Knossos at the coming of the Greeks, may itself have a real significance in relation to the origin of the legends that here grew up of the bull-headed monster within the Labyrinth and the fate of the captive children.

The existing remains—doubtless a mere fraction of the whole—show that these compositions included, besides the coursing bulls, "cowboys" of both sexes and the rocks and olive trees amidst which the scene was set. The most magnificent fragment here found was the head of a huge bull of the Urus breed. The whole is instinct with fiery life. The eyeball, between the red lines of the lids, is exceedingly prominent, the upstanding ear marks intense excitement; the tongue protrudes, the hot breath seems to blow through the nostrils. The folds of the dewlap show that the head was in a lowered position—it is that of a bull coursing wildly (Fig. 7 opposite).

In the work referred to, this and the parallel composition, which, from the sparse remains discovered, seems to have existed in the opposite gallery, east of the entrance-passage, are recognised as having supplied the prototypes of a whole series of later designs of a dual character, in the one case depicting the hunting of wild or half-wild bulls, in the other their capture by means of a decoy cow. Individual examples of these are supplied in variant forms by a whole series of gems and their impressions, but the most complete record is to be found in the small reliefs on the two gold cups found in the Vapheio Tomb, where both subjects

are fully developed. The reliefs so strikingly displayed above the Sea-Gate of the great Minoan Palace would thus have stood in the same dominating position with regard to contemporary and later art as in classical times the Parthenon sculptures did at Athens.

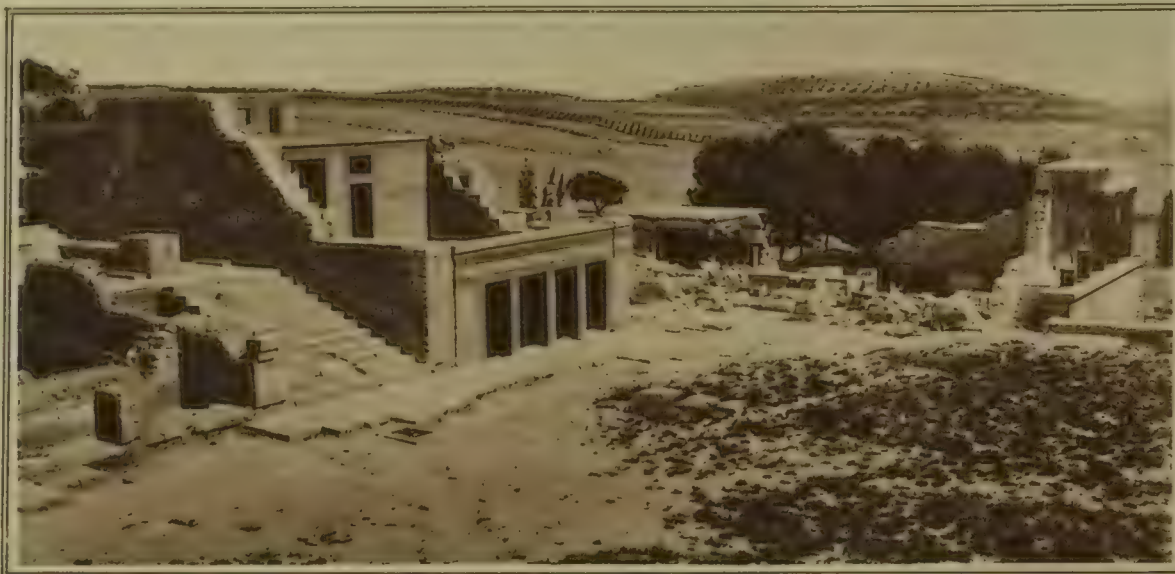
The fact that the head and apparently part of the flank as well as a forefoot of the coursing bull have been preserved, besides very full remains of the neighbouring olive-tree, with indications of a conventional rock border, suggested to me the possibility of restoring at least the section of the great painted frieze in the original position on the back wall of the portico. Thanks to the able work of reconstruction executed for me by Mr. Piet de Jong, the Architect of the British School, the back wall of

with a close observation of nature, on the part of the Minoan artist. The sprays are in each case given relief by oval bases of the plaster, following the ramification of the stems, while the varied colours of the leaves—black, white, and red—recalls the characteristic foliage of the olive tree, in which the dark brown upper surface of the leaves, relieved by glimpses of their silvery undersides, is further varied by the prolonged attachment of others, old and bright reddish-brown. The border below illustrates the curious convention by which rocks—in this case conglomerate, with red-bordered pebbles—are shown in section. The descending waved indication of the upper landscape, seen to the left of the field above, is an insertion warranted by the analogy of other fresco backgrounds. These artificial features, while giving a quite individual effect to the restored design as shown in Fig. 7, only serve to accentuate the noble relief of the forepart of the bull itself, which on its own lines may compare with the work of any later Age.

The coursing bull, thus restored, has a great interest as illustrating the very intimate connection—of which fresh evidence is continually forthcoming—between Knossos and Mycenæ. Among sculptured remains brought home by Lord Elgin from Mycenæ in 1806, and now in the British Museum, were two fragmentary half-size reliefs, one of a standing, the other of a charging, bull† with part of an olive tree behind its back. The head of this animal—though its front profile is slightly broken away—with its lowered attitude and upstanding ear, must be taken to stand in the closest relation to

the relief above described. The material itself, though not like the other, of the Minoan *gesso duro*, is of gypsum imported from Crete. It was found with the other fragmentary slab of a stationary beast in the fore-hall of the "Tomb of Atreus," which suggests that here too, as in the main public entrance of Minos's Palace, there were two antithetic groups belonging to the same cycle. It thus completes the parallel already presented by the triglyph frieze and rosettes of the "Atreus" façade, which reflect the characteristic architectural ornamentation of the "Middle Palace" at Knossos. The painted reliefs of the north portico belong to the same epoch; they may be dated round about 1600 B.C. Another very serious work that concerned the latest stage of the building was to secure the "Room of the Throne" (Fig. 2, page 433) from the threatened downfall of its temporary roof, the woodwork of which was rotting away, and to cover over the ante-chamber—still exposed to the weather—through which it was approached from the Central Court. The loggia that existed above the section containing the throne has been reconstructed to serve as a small museum for replicas of the "Miniature Frescoes," and—thanks to Mr. de Jong's careful work, aided here as elsewhere by the use of ferro-concrete—it has been possible to replace the clerestory and lantern that seems to have existed above its "lustral basin," thus restoring the original system of lighting (see view, Fig. 3).

Finally, Monsieur Gilliéron has completed the entire series of guardian griffins, two facing the throne and two the doorway of a shrine beyond, of which, in all cases, parts of the original have been preserved. The effect of this completion is shown in Fig. 2, and the result is to bring home in a singular degree the time when the last of the Priest-Kings seems to have used this chamber, with its surrounding benches, for lustral rites and the holding of consistories. Alabaster ointment-vases of elegant design—to be used, no doubt, in one of these functions—were found ranged on the pavement, and had been actually in the course of being replenished from a large oil-jar, laid on its side, when, with dramatic suddenness, the stroke of Fate fell, and for some three-and-a-half millennia the whole lay buried not more than a dozen feet beneath the surface of the ground.



3. THE NORTH-WEST ANGLE OF THE CENTRAL COURT OF THE PALACE AT KNOSSOS: A VIEW SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE STEPPED PORCH; THE RECONSTITUTED UPPER STOREY OF THE THRONE ROOM SYSTEM; AND THE PORTICO OF THE NORTH ENTRANCE.

the gallery has now been raised to its original height, and part of the roof and entablature, with three of the supporting columns, restored, as shown in Figs. 5 and 6 on the opposite page. Behind this, the raising of the back wall has, at the same time, much improved the appearance of the north-west entrance-porch on that side (Fig. 4).

For the very considerable and at the same time delicate task of restoring a section of the painted stucco reliefs



4. THE NORTH-WEST PORCH AT KNOSSOS, WITH THE NORTH PORTICO BEYOND, RECONSTITUTED: A BACK VIEW OF THAT PORTICO, THE FRONT SIDE OF WHICH, WITH BULL-HUNTING RELIEFS, IS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

themselves, I was happily able to enlist the services of Monsieur E. Gilliéron fils, whose technical ability and power of entering into the very spirit of Minoan works of art have won a general recognition. On the basis of the existing remains (now preserved in the Museum of Candia), and by the aid of very careful casts, the forepart of the charging bull was successfully grouped with the olive tree, which, as its angular cutting above and on the right side shows, formed the end of the composition. The execution of its foliage itself shows a remarkable resourcefulness, combined

* See page 456 of this issue.

† This charging bull is reproduced on page 436.

NEW LIGHT ON THE MINOTAUR LEGEND: THE KNOSSOS SEA-GATE BULL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



5. THE GREAT BULL RELIEF (BEHIND THE THREE RESTORED COLUMNS) IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION ON THE NORTH PORTICO ABOVE THE SEA GATE AT KNOSSOS: A WORK ASSOCIATED WITH THE LEGEND OF THE MINOTAUR (LOOKING SOUTH).



6. A WORK OF MINOAN ART PARALLEL IN ITS DOMINATING POSITION TO THE PARTHENON SCULPTURES AT ATHENS IN LATER TIMES: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BULL RELIEF ON THE NORTH PORTICO AT KNOSSOS (LOOKING NORTH).

IN his article on the opposite page, Sir Arthur Evans has emphasised the beauty and importance of the fragments of painted frieze, in stucco relief, representing scenes of bull-hunting, found in the northern portico overlooking the sea. These frescoes, which are, of course, coloured, date back to about 1600 B.C., and are thus over 3500 years old. "The fact that some part at least of these fine compositions," he writes, "still clung to the back wall of the gallery above the Sea Gate of Knossos, at the coming of the Greeks, may itself have a real significance in relation to the origin of the legends that here grew up of the bull-headed monster within the Labyrinth and the fate of the captive children." Of Minos, King and law-giver in Crete, we read in Smith's "Classical Dictionary": "To avenge the wrong done to his son Androgeos at Athens, he made war against the Athenians, and compelled them to send to Crete every year, as a tribute, seven youths and seven maidens, to be devoured in the labyrinth by the Minotaur . . . a monster half-man and half-bull. This monster was slain by Theseus, with the help of Ariadne, daughter of Minos."



7. "THE MOST MAGNIFICENT FRAGMENT" OF A PAINTED FRIEZE IN RELIEF, DEPICTING BULL-HUNTING SCENES, ON THE NORTH PORTICO AT KNOSSOS (AS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE): A RESTORED DESIGN (BY M. E. GILLIÉRON FILS) FROM A SECTION SHOWING A CHARGING BULL; AN OLIVE TREE; CONVENTIONAL ROCKS (BELOW); AND "A WAVED INDICATION OF THE UPPER LANDSCAPE" (TOP LEFT).

SOMERSAULTS OVER A CHARGING BULL: GIRL ACROBATS OF ANCIENT KNOSSOS.



MINOAN BULL-RING ACROBATICS: A DIAGRAM (BASED ON A CRETAN BRONZE) OF THE ACROBAT'S COURSE—(1) SEIZING A CHARGING BULL BY THE HORNS; (2) RISING AS THE BULL RAISES HIS HEAD; (3) COMPLETING A BACK-SOMERSAULT ON THE BULL'S BACK; (4) LEAPING OFF THE BULL.

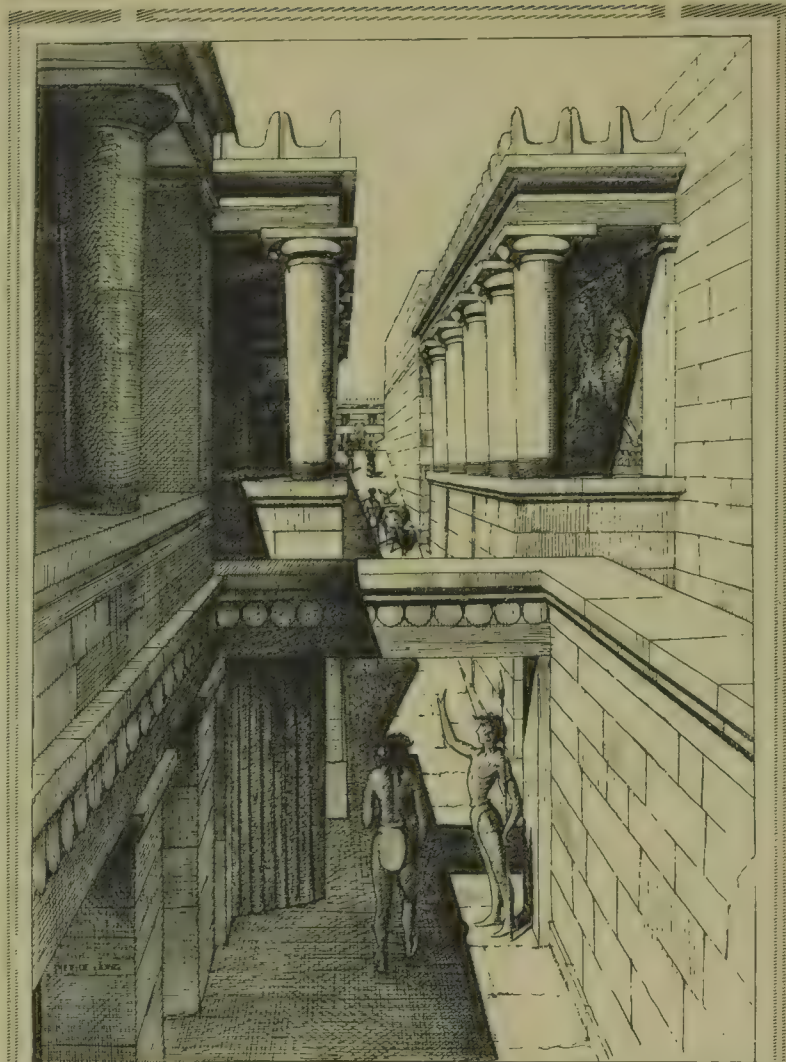


MINOAN GIRLS IN THE BULL-RING: A RESTORED PANEL OF A WALL-PAINTING—ONE GIRL ACROBAT (LEFT) GRASPING THE HORNS FOR A SOMERSAULT OVER THE BULL; ANOTHER (RIGHT) WAITING TO CATCH THE FIGURE SOMERSAULTING ON ITS BACK.



EVIDENCE OF THE VERY INTIMATE CONNECTION BETWEEN KNOSSOS AND MYCENÆ: A HALF-SIZE RELIEF OF A CHARGING BULL BESIDE AN OLIVE TREE (BROUGHT FROM MYCENÆ BY LORD ELGIN IN 1806) CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE KNOSSOS BULLS.

Sir Arthur Evans, the famous English archæologist, whose excavations in Crete, on the site of Knossos, have revealed one of the greatest monuments of antiquity and added a new chapter to the early history of European civilisation, has lately published the third volume of his monumental work, "The Palace of Minos," describing the successive stages of Minoan culture as shown by the discoveries. A review of the new volume appears elsewhere in this number, while here and on the opposite page we are enabled to reproduce some of the very numerous illustrations. Those given above afford specially interesting comparisons with Sir Arthur's article and photographs (given on pages 433, 435, and 437) relating to reconstruction work inside the Palace carried out since the book was published; and, in particular, to the bull-hunting reliefs of the North Portico. His new volume contains a fascinating chapter on the Minoan bull-ring, which was



SHOWING THE BULL RELIEF (UPPER RIGHT) ON THE NORTHERN PORTICO (SEE PAGE 435 IN THIS NUMBER): A RESTORED DRAWING OF THE INNER GATEWAY OF THE NORTHERN ENTRANCE PASSAGE TO THE PALACE.

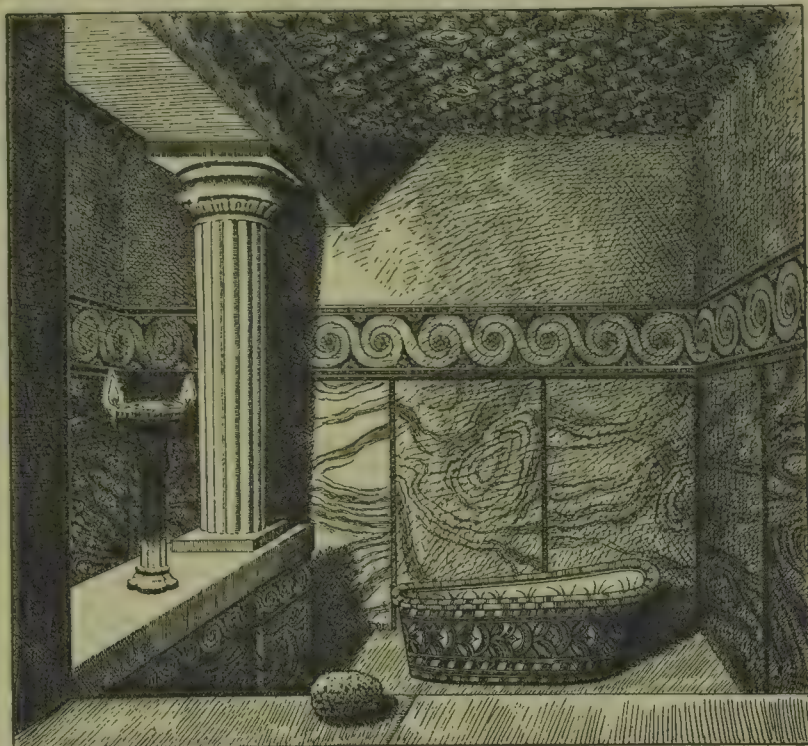


"INCOMPARABLY THE FINEST OF ALL THE PAINTED STUCCO RELIEFS... ONE OF THE NOBLEST REVELATIONS OF MINOAN ART": A GIGANTIC BULL'S HEAD FROM THE WEST PORTICO OF THE NORTH ENTRANCE PASSAGE.

the scene of thrilling acrobatic performances, in which, as they were of a religious character, high-born maidens, as well as young men, took part. A distinction is drawn between the modern Spanish bull-fighting (*tauromachia*) and the "bull-grappling" (*taurokathapsia*) practised by the Minoan "cowboys" and "cowgirls," whose object was to catch, rather than kill, the bull, and to give acrobatic displays including somersaults over the animal's back. Experts in modern "steer-wrestling" are quoted as declaring some of these bull-leaping feats impossible.

A MINOAN BATH-ROOM; AND WALL DECORATIONS INDICATING CONQUESTS.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE PALACE OF MINOS." VOL. III. BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. MACMILLAN. (SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 456; ALSO ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 433 TO 436.)

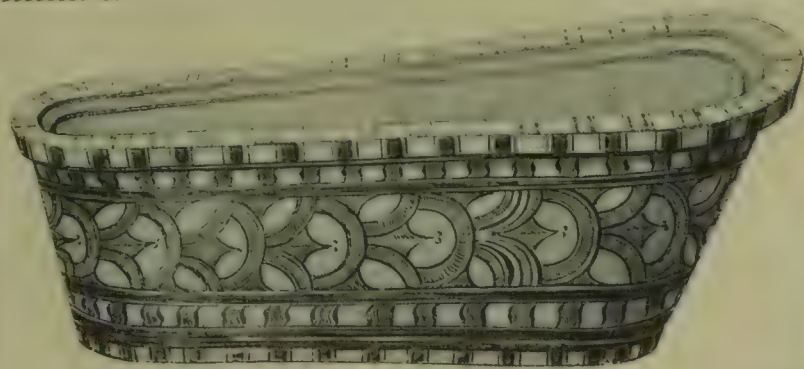


1A. "MODERN CONVENIENCES" IN THE PALACE AT KNOSSOS: A RESTORED VIEW OF THE BATH-ROOM ADJOINING THE QUEEN'S MEGARON, CONTAINING A BATH OF THE LATE MINOAN II. PERIOD, A SPONGE, AND A STONE LAMP.

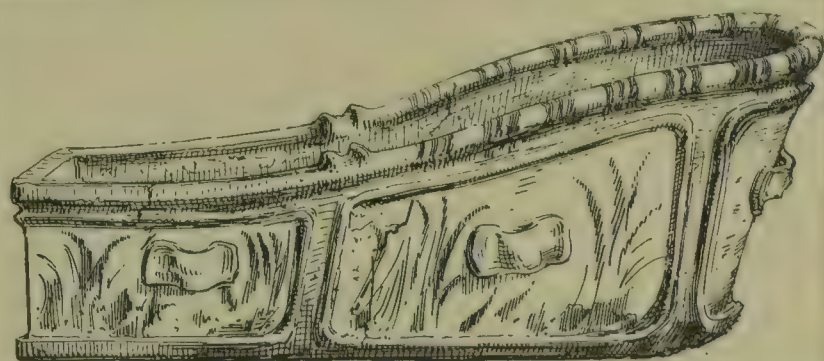


2A. THE HOMERIC USAGE OF HANGING SHIELDS IN A WARRIOR'S HALL. EXEMPLIFIED AT KNOSSOS: PART OF THE "HALL OF THE DOUBLE AXES," WITH "REPLICA" SHIELDS SUSPENDED, AS IN THE HALL OF ODYSSEUS.

In his new volume—"The Palace of Minos." Vol. III.—from which these extraordinarily interesting illustrations are taken, Sir Arthur Evans gives full explanatory descriptions of the various subjects. Only brief extracts are possible here, numbered to correspond with the above reproductions: (1a) "The bath-room of the Queen's Megaron (Great Hall) . . . was lighted only through the opening in the balustrade, by borrowed light from the Megaron beyond. We must also suppose that some kind of curtain could be drawn across the opening. It may



3A. ONCE USED BY "MINOAN LORDS AND LADIES": A PAINTED TERRA-COTTA BATH OF THE LAST PERIOD OF THE PALACE (LATE MINOAN II) PARTLY RESTORED. (INTERIOR 1.295 METRES LONG ABOVE AND 1.04 METRES BELOW.)



4A. WITH A TRANSVERSE GROOVE ON EACH RIM, PROBABLY FOR A CROSS-BAR (AS IN A MODERN BATH) FOR SUSPENDING SOME BATNING REQUISITE: AN EARLIER PAINTED TERRA-COTTA BATH (MIDDLE MINOAN III B PERIOD.)



5A. "WAR-LIKE PARADE" IN WALL DECORATION IN THE PALACE OF MINOS, SUGGESTING A PERIOD OF AGGRESSION: PART OF THE LOGGIA OPPOSITE THE GRAND STAIRCASE, AS RESTORED, WITH A REPLICA OF THE SHIELD FRESCO.

be inferred that it was illumined when in use by one or more of the pedestalled stone lamps of which so many remains were found. . . . The pathos of history cannot but be evoked by the fact that the bath (3a), thus associated with the annexe to this inner hall of the Domestic Quarter, had been placed within it only a little before the final disaster that terminated the existence of the building as a royal abode. As compared with the earlier bath (4a) the present example is of heavier and less elegant proportions. Unlike the remarkable bath-room of Mycenæ, no sink was here perceptible, and the bath must both have been filled and emptied by hand labour. This in itself argues a plentiful staff of servants at the beck and call of the Minoan lords and ladies. There was, however, a sink in a 'Toilette Room' at the back.—M. E. Gilliéron executed in painted zinc two actual copies of the great body-shields (2a) . . . answering to two depicted in the fresco (5a). . . . The war-like parade inherent in the decorative designs introduced at this time (Late Minoan I. period) in the residential quarter of the Knossian Palace may well be thought to stand in direct relation to a new and stirring chapter in Minoan history."

THE SUNKEN LINER "EGYPT," WITH £1,000,000 BULLION, LOCATED OFF USHANT:



SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF MUSSOLINI DRAWN ON THE SIDE OF THE HATCH: THE STEEL BOOM OF ONE OF THE "EGYPT'S" CRANES BEING HOISTED ABOARD THE ITALIAN SALVAGE-SHIP "ARTIGLIO."



WEARING EAR-PHONES AND RESPIRATOR: THE CHIEF ITALIAN DIVER, ALBERTO GIANNI, BESIDE THE "OBSERVATION SHELL" IN WHICH THE DIVERS CAN DESCEND TO GREAT DEPTHS, UNAFFECTED BY WATER PRESSURE.



THE DIVER EXPLAINING TO HIS COMRADES ON THE SURFACE THE SIZE OF THE CAPTAIN'S SAFE IN THE SUNKEN LINER: AN INTERESTING INCIDENT OF DEEP-WATER SALVAGE WORK ON THE WRECK OF THE "EGYPT."



WITH A MODEL OF THE SUNKEN LINER, RESTING ON THE SAFE RECOVERED FROM HER CAPTAIN'S CABIN ON THE BOAT-DECK: THE THREE ITALIAN DIVERS DISCUSSING THEIR GREAT TASK OF RECOVERING THE BULLION.

The P. and O. liner "Egypt," sunk in the Atlantic off Ushant in 1922 (in collision with the "Seine"), carried more than £1,000,000 of specie, comprising 5 tons of gold in bars and coin and 45 tons of silver. On August 31 last it was announced that the Italian salvage-ships "Artiglio" and "Raffio," which last summer searched for the vessel unsuccessfully, had identified as the "Egypt" (by her cranes) a wreck found a week before at a depth of 66 fathoms (396 ft.). On September 1 the divers fired three explosive charges—the first ever fired at such a depth—and detached one of the cranes, weighing several tons, which was hauled up to the surface. Next, the roof of the captain's cabin on the wreck's boat-deck was torn off with a grapnel, and, after many attempts, during which one diver had a narrow escape from death, the safe (fixed to a wall) was seized by a powerful "scissors-grab" and drawn up on to the "Artiglio's" deck. In the safe were found the key of the bullion-room, other keys, and a Foreign Office post-bag containing letters and documents, all dated

FIRST SUCCESSES IN A GIGANTIC TASK OF DEEP-WATER SALVAGE.



HOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THE STEEL OBSERVATION SHELL CONTAINING THE DIVER ARE CONTROLLED FROM THE SURFACE: THE OPERATOR ON DECK IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE DIVER BY TELEPHONE.



HAULING THE OBSERVATION SHELL ABOARD THE SALVAGE-SHIP AFTER A DESCENT TO THE WRECK: ONE OF THE ITALIAN DIVERS, WHOSE COURAGE AND PERSISTENCE DESERVE GREAT CREDIT, EMERGING FROM THE UPPER COMPARTMENT.



FOUND TO CONTAIN A FOREIGN OFFICE POST-BAG AND THE KEY OF THE BULLION-ROOM: THE CAPTAIN'S SAFE (FROM THE "EGYPT"), WEIGHING ABOUT HALF A TON, RAISED BY A GREAT "SCISSORS-GRAB."



AFTER THE CAPTAIN'S SAFE (SALVED FROM THE "EGYPT") HAD BEEN OPENED BY OXY-ACETYLENE BLOW-PIPES: PACKING THE CONTENTS—FOREIGN OFFICE DOCUMENTS—IN A BOX FOR RETURN TO LONDON.

April or May, 1922, corresponding with the date of the disaster. Soon afterwards heavy weather compelled the "Artiglio" to leave her moorings. The "Egypt's" bullion-room is on the orlop deck, with four steel decks above it, and, as she is upright on her keel, all these decks must be pierced vertically from above to reach the treasure. It is expected that the completion of the task will have to be postponed till next year. The new type of "observation shell," invented by a Kiel firm, consists of a steel cylinder, the top part having hard glass windows and containing respiration and measuring apparatus, and the lower part holding buoyant tanks and a seat. These tanks enable the diver to control his equilibrium. To descend, he admits water through a valve; to ascend, he expels it by compressed air. The diver is provided with mechanical "hands," and does not walk about, but through his telephone instructs those on the surface to move the shell as required. The enormous pressure of water at great depths is resisted by the steel shell, and does not affect the man within.

"THE SPIRIT OF VICTORIANISM AND VICTORIANS."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"AS WE WERE: A VICTORIAN PEEPSHOW." MEMORIES OF E. F. BENSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO., LTD.)

DISTANCE, if it is to lend enchantment, must be far and indefinite: foreshortened, it lends only the grotesqueness of distorted images. This Bright Young Thing of fifty or so, with interminable calves and shorn pate and geranium lips—it is easier to see her in crinoline and poke-bonnet than in sailor-hat and leg-of-mutton sleeves; this sprightly old gentleman rising seventy, who drives such a long ball—it is less preposterous to imagine his face surmounting a ruff than to picture it festooned with the hirsute luxuriance of mid-Victorianism. If you would chuckle or blush at incredible figures of fun, take out that album of faded snapshots of yourself when young and of your cousins and sisters and aunts when young. These caricatures may be the freaks of an imaginary improbable era, but they cannot, they surely cannot, be ourselves (to borrow Mr. Benson's title) "As We Were"!

Viewed only in the album and the scrap-book, Victorianism became a byword. It was all repression and smugness and prudery and antimacassars and Marcus Stone and Albert Memorials and "We are not amused." Perhaps it still is. Perhaps, on the other hand, there begins to awaken a sneaking envy of certain solid, secure things which that misguided generation undoubtedly did possess, at whatever cost in prunes and prisms.

Mr. E. F. Benson's talent for satire has always been lively, sometimes even a little corrosive; and when he first introduces us to his wholly fascinating "Victorian Peepshow" we have a suspicion that we are going to peep only at Aunt Sallys which it is difficult even for the most unskilfully directed coconut to miss. We have not read many of his pages before we are pleasantly undeceived: wisely, wittily, and sometimes affectionately, Mr. Benson penetrates deep into the spirit of Victorianism and Victorians. Of course, he is fully alive to the absurdities and the shams. The excesses of early Victorian propriety were the inevitable reaction from the excesses of Regency impropriety: Victoria, perhaps, would not have been such a "very singularly good young woman" if George IV. had not been such an outrageous cad. The reaction, again inevitably, had its cruelties. Mr. Benson cannot withhold his indignation—who can?—from the barbarous creed of "Reticence for Women" which visited ostracism and insult upon any high-spirited wife (such as Lady Henry Somerset) who dared to defend herself against notorious wrongs. Respectability also had its shocking naughtiness. In the 'eighties there was such an appalling "moral rot" in high places that a deputation of ladies of quality waited on Archbishop Benson, urging him to conduct a sort of revival mission for Bright Young Things at Lambeth. The Princess of Wales was to hold high command in this campaign, but not the Queen, for "she was not smart enough." The Archbishop can never have received a more embarrassing deputation in his life; and he seems to have handled it with true archiepiscopal diplomacy. There were scandals, too, of a reverberancy which must convulse with envy the news-editor of many a popular broadsheet in this less virtuous age. Two of these—the Baccarat Affair and the Oscar Wilde Affair—Mr. Benson describes with equal clarity and discretion; and in connection with the former we hear for the first time of a highly interesting heart-to-heart talk, creditable to both, between two very well-intentioned men—Albert Edward and Archbishop Benson.

There is still a "moral rot"; there has always

been a moral rot. In essentials of character and conduct, Mr. Benson does not find a gulf between then and now; he does, however, find a gulf, quite unbridgeable, between the things that were talked about, and the way they were talked about, then and now. Will our children too consider freedom of conversation one of the rights of man, and, even more, of woman? Or will they suffer an oppressive reaction? Mr. Benson does not prophesy, and no wise man will prophesy.

There is another difference. Anxious though he is to avoid the mood of the praiser of time past, Mr. Benson has an invincible impression of "greater

Chaplin was also tall in a debonair manner that is gone with the antimacassars and the embroidered pin-cushions.

There were Great Ladies as well, "possessed of that queer old quality called dignity"—hostesses like the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Londonderry, Lady Ripon, and Lady Jeune, all very different in talents, but differing little in absoluteness of sovereignty. And the greatest of these great ladies was a little, plain, sentimental, Teutonic old lady, in "a funny bonnet" (as Mr. Benson's infant brother once, most treasonously, told her). Mr. Benson puts his finger on Victoria's secret when he tells us that she embodied,

by natural affinity, the homely common sense of the *bourgeoisie* of her people. There has been, in recent fiction and reminiscence, some trivial and even scurrilous sneering at that remarkable woman. Mr. Benson's estimate is more discerning. "She had kindled the imagination of her people, as no other English monarch perhaps had ever done, and the throne had never been held in such love and reverence."

Men of letters, too, were of imposing stature. Mr. Benson makes as merry with pre-Raphaelite affectations as with the mass-production of "Monarchs of the Glen" and "Psyches at the Bath" at the Royal Academy; but he looks back upon the writers of the 'nineties as upon a race of giants. Of that breed were Hardy and Stevenson, Meredith and Kipling, Wells and James. Mr. Benson's pages are packed with stories of these and many other Victorian writers more than can here be named. They had their angles, these geniuses! It was not comfortable, for example, to collide with one of Tennyson's brusqueries or to incur the displeasure of Whistler. And they had their squabbles! Swinburne seems to have been involved in most of them; it is difficult to say whether he is farther from the pedestal of our homage when he is slapping George Meredith's face in the Garrick Club, or when he is tied to the apron-strings of the indefatigable Watts-Dunton. "Swinburne—Putney, outsider": it was one of Whistler's most cruelly barbed shafts.

Mr. Benson, not for the first time, reveals himself as a critic both of sensitiveness and of great felicity of expression. He gives his irony rein over such matters as the coxcomberies and the inanities of Alfred Austin, the more-than-half-legendary snobberies of Oscar Browning, the gratuitous malevolence of Whistler, and the cheaper "scores" of Jowett; but many of his appreciations are of exceptional acumen and sympathy. Here, for example, is Burne-Jones: "Always he sought the stillness of the valley of Avilion, unvexed by the loud winds of life and its snow and its hail, and basking in a sunshine so subdued that it never casts any sharpness of shadow, while those who dwell therein are more remote than the moon from all the frets and the glories of living folk." That

is not only penetrating criticism, but it is a lapidary sentence of English prose. There will probably be controversy about Mr. Benson's estimate of Wilde, which is, in sum, that he would be quite forgotten but for a *succès de scandale*. For ourselves, we believe this to be entirely just, and Wilde's reputation to be one of the most spurious in English literature. An extremely interesting portion of the volume candidly reveals reasons why "De Profundis" is one of the greatest literary impostures of all time.

We do not remember to have read any book of Victorian reminiscences with such a high level of vivid impression, variety, sound judgment, wit, and distinction of style. It will long endure not only for itself, but as the best work, in any manner, which has come from Mr. Benson's pen.

A. K.



THE REVOLUTION IN ARGENTINA: PRESIDENT IRIGOYEN, WHO WAS FORCED TO RESIGN OFFICE.

Dr. Hipolito Irigoyen, who assumed office as President of the Argentine Republic in October 1928, was forced to resign on September 6 last, and the same fate befell his Vice-President, Dr. Enrique V. Martinez. The Government was deposed; the National Congress was dissolved; and a provisional Junta was set up, with Lieut.-General Jose F. Uriburu as President. Ex-President Irigoyen, whose age is a mystery—it has been given as seventy-seven and as eighty-two—so detests publicity that any "life-story" of him is apt to include myths. It is certain that he abandoned the learning of law for ranching, and that he was a teacher of History when he became leader of the Radicals. He was at the head of a revolution in 1902, and of another in 1905. He first became President in 1916, and he held office for six years, after which Dr. Marcelo de Alvear succeeded him as his nominee. After his re-election, in 1928, he caused consternation by insisting on living in his flat, over a shop, and not in the Presidential Palace. Popularly, he is "El Homo," the man.—[By Courtesy of "La Nacion."]

physical stature" in the men of those days. "Nothing can make me believe that a person like Mr. Gladstone was not of some higher voltage of power than more recent Prime Ministers." (T. P. O'Connor, with longer and more intimate political experience, said the same thing in his Memoirs.) In some of his most vivid pages, Mr. Benson makes Gladstone's "voltage" spark and crackle. Lord Salisbury was another of the greater stature. Though the thought is not attributable to Mr. Benson, certain of this generation cannot help feeling that we cannot nowadays produce two men whose characters were so magnificently expressed in their beards as Lord Salisbury and W. G. Grace. Edward VII., for whom Mr. Benson has unfeigned admiration, grew from a stature artificially stunted into as tall a man as any's in Illyria. And, in a very different line of country, Harry

* "As We Were: A Victorian Peepshow." Memories of E. F. Benson. (Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd. 18s. net.)

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE ANDRÉE EXPEDITION: BOXES CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF ANDRÉE AND STRINDBERG BEING CARRIED ON BOARD THE NORWEGIAN "MICHAEL SARS."

The "Michael Sars's" journey to Tromsø with the then unidentified remains of Andrée and Strindberg ended in impressive simplicity. The "Michael Sars" entered the port almost unnoticed: from her foremast flew a Swedish flag, and from her mainmast a Norwegian flag. At half-past eight the news began to spread, and soon the steamer-pier was crowded. At ten o'clock



PROCEEDING FROM THE QUAYSIDE AT TROMSØ TO THE HOSPITAL: THE HEARSE CARRYING THE COFFINS WITH ANDRÉE'S AND STRINDBERG'S REMAINS.

the coffins were landed, and, with military honours, placed in a hearse and drawn through the streets to the hospital. The crowds uncovered as they passed. At one o'clock the experts proceeded to examine the remains at the hospital, and they were identified as human; but the bones in Andrée's boat were all found to be the remains of a Polar bear.



SEEN LANDING AT CURTISS FIELD, LONG ISLAND, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN 37 HOURS: CAPTAIN COSTES'S AEROPLANE, THE "QUESTION MARK."

MM. Costes and Bellonte were the first airmen to fly non-stop from Europe to New York in an aeroplane. Only twice before has an East-to-West flight been accomplished, and in neither case so successfully as the present one—Captain Costes's aeroplane, the "Question Mark," reaching New York 37 hours 18 minutes after leaving Paris, on the night of September 2. The following



AT CURTISS FIELD AFTER THEIR RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT: M. BELLONTE (L.) AND CAPTAIN COSTES (R.).

afternoon the airmen went in procession down Broadway to the City Hall to receive medals from Mr. Walker, the Mayor of New York. Later they decided to attempt a non-stop New York-Dallas flight—for which a prize of £5000 had been offered. Apart from this it is calculated that Costes will receive about £400,000 as the total proceeds of his record flight.



AT THE CONCLUSION OF A GREAT ANTI-LITTER CAMPAIGN IN THE NEW FOREST: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU AT THE "CEREMONIAL" BURNING OF THE COLLECTED LITTER AT LYNDHURST.

The anti-litter "campaign" opened on September 6 at noon, when detachments set out from Southampton, Bournemouth, Brockenhurst, Lyndhurst, and Lymington, and began collecting litter of all sorts, which was brought together and burnt in full view of the public on Lyndhurst Common. The movement was sponsored by Lady Montagu of Beaulieu and Mrs. W. Frank Perkins, who until recently was Chairwoman of the Hampshire Women's Institute.



RECENTLY REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN PURCHASED BY MR. W. R. HEARST, THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAGNATE, FOR HIS CASTLE AT ST. DONAT, SOUTH WALES: THE ELIZABETHAN "GREAT CHAMBER" OF GILLING CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

The "Great Chamber," or Dining-Room, of Gilling Castle is one of the finest extant examples of Elizabethan architecture and decoration. It is 39 ft. long, and the magnificent Elizabethan panelling is surmounted by a deep frieze, decorated with every family tree in Yorkshire. From the branches hang as many as 433 shields, in heraldic colours, of county families. The room, it is reported, is to be erected at the Castle of St. Donat's, in South Wales.

WHERE REVOLUTION WAS HERALDED BY AEROPLANES: BUENOS AIRES.

THE LARGE GENERAL AIR VIEW BY AEROFOTOS, BUENOS AIRES.



BUENOS AIRES FROM THE AIR: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING GOVERNMENT HOUSE (CENTRE, BEYOND DOCKS IN FOREGROUND), WITH THE PLAZA DE MAYO BEHIND, AND THE AVENIDA DE MAYO, LEADING TO THE PLAZA DEL CONGRESO.



SHOWING THE OTHER SIDE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AND THE BALCONY WHERE THE PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT WAS RECENTLY SWORN-IN: THE PLAZA DE MAYO, WITH THE MONUMENT OF INDEPENDENCE.



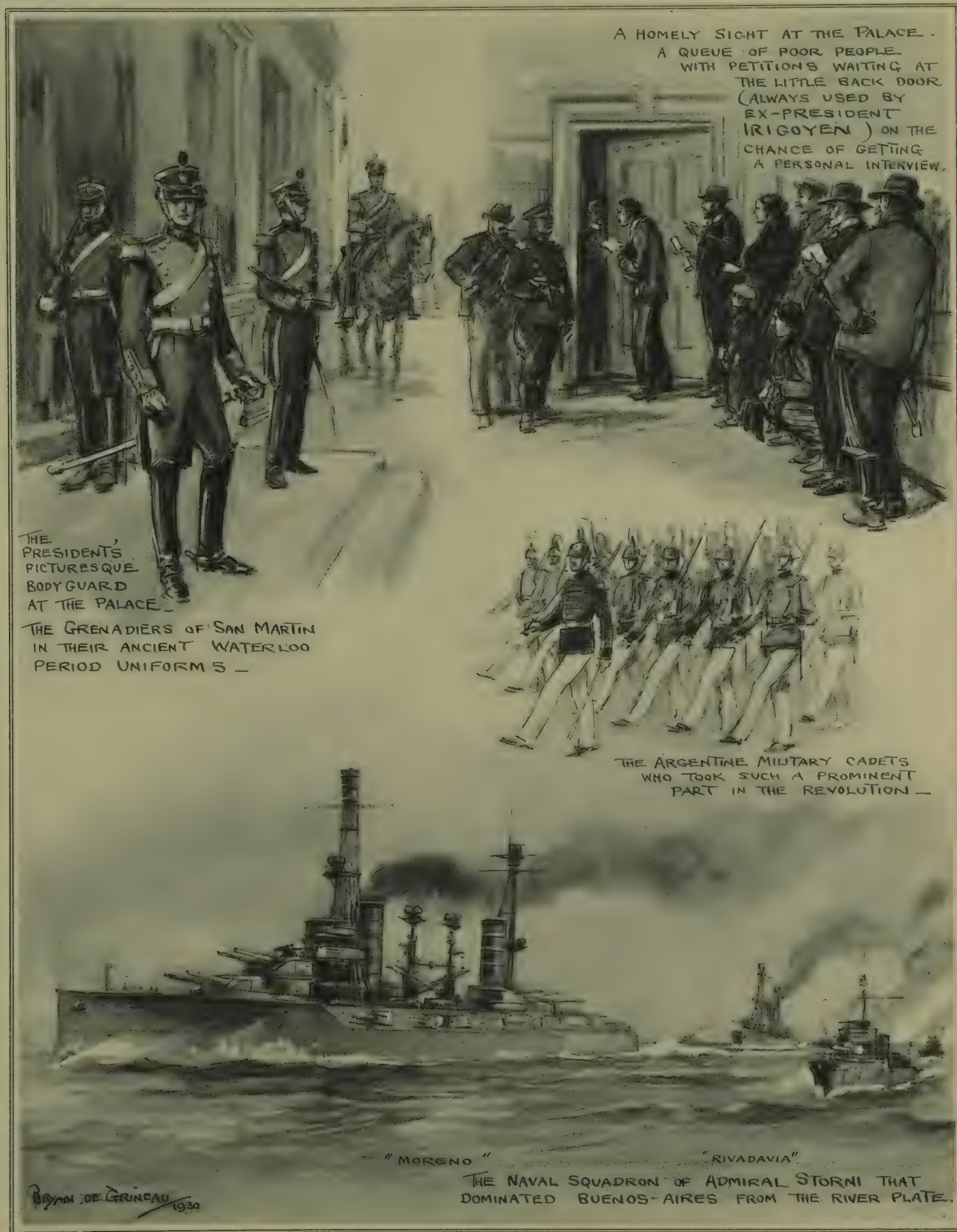
WHERE SIXTEEN ARMY AEROPLANES CIRCLED OVER GOVERNMENT HOUSE (RIGHT, WITH COLUMBUS STATUE IN FRONT): BUENOS AIRES—AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE CROWDED DOCKS, WITH GRAIN ELEVATORS (FAR END ON LEFT).

It was announced on September 7 that Dr. Irigoyen, President of Argentina, had been forced to resign, and that a provisional junta had been formed, with Lieut.-General Uriburu as temporary President. In a message to the nation the latter stated: "Responding to the desires of the people and supported by the Army and Navy, we have taken the reins of government in order to avert a definite national débâcle. . . . The members of the Provisional Government undertake not to accept candidature for the Presidency of the Republic." The new Ministers were sworn-in, amid general rejoicings, on September 7, on the balcony of Government House, in the Plaza de Mayo (shown above). The *coup d'état*

was not effected without bloodshed. A revolutionary column was attacked by machine-guns and rifles from the Congress building (seen near the centre background of our large photograph above) and adjacent restaurants. Cadets from the Military College and armed civilians repelled the attack, and over twenty people were killed and some 200 wounded. Thirty Army aeroplanes flew low over the city, dropping revolutionary leaflets, and sixteen machines circled over Government House, firing machine-guns. "The buzz of the aeroplanes" (said a "Times" correspondent) brought "the first real intimation of revolution." Eventually the white flag was flown on Government House, and the Revolutionists entered peacefully.

THE ARGENTINE REVOLUTION: TYPES OF MEN AND SHIPS CONCERNED.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ASPECTS OF BUENOS AIRES BEFORE THE REVOLUTION: MILITARY, NAVAL, AND CIVILIAN SCENES.

Our artist's sketches illustrate some typical scenes in the capital of Argentina, where long-seething discontent recently culminated in the overthrow of President Irigoyen and his Government. The Regiment of Grenaderos de San Martin are a well-known sight to the visitor to Buenos Aires. Arrayed in their old-world uniforms, which date back to the liberation of the South American Colonies from Spanish rule, they mount guard daily at the "Casa Rosada"—the name given to the Palace, or Government House, from its pink colour. As a contrast to this "pomp" at the principal entrances to the Palace, the little back door behind always had a queue of supplicants endeavouring

to get a moment with the ex-President. Dr. Irigoyen used to enter and leave by this door, and make his way to his small flat over a barber's shop close by. The Military Cadets are a very smart corps of young aspirants for the Army, and, when arrayed in their ceremonial uniform on parade, remind one of the old Prussian Guard, with their white-plumed helmets and duck trousers. The battle-ships "Moreno" and "Rivadavia" are the most modern war-ships in the whole of South America, and the pride of the Argentine Navy. Their guns absolutely dominate Buenos Aires from the Rio de la Plata, and, in conjunction with the march of the Army, made the overthrow of any opposition a certainty.

MUTE, YET ELOQUENT: THE SIGNIFICANT LURISTAN BRONZES AND THEIR ASSOCIATION WITH ZOROASTRIANISM.

By ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, *Adviser in Art to the Persian Government, a Director of the International Exhibition of Persian Art, etc.* (See Colour Page opposite.)
Illustrations by Courtesy of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



1. THE STRUGGLE MOTIF THAT MAKES CLEAR THE MEANING OF THE LURISTAN BRONZES: PRIMORDIAL MAN, REINFORCED BY THE EMBODIMENTS OF GOOD, WRESTLING WITH THE SERPENTS OF EVIL.

"The clearest and most complete presentation of this struggle (the Zoroastrian struggle between the forces of Good and Evil) shows primordial man, wearing a cap adorned with bull's-heads, or oftener just the horns, contesting with confronted serpents or lions. The man is further reinforced by cock's-heads at his waist, a Zoroastrian symbol that the good spirit and divine wisdom are active in him. Ibex-heads, another embodiment of the benevolent forces, are poised on his hips. A curious detail on one piece (here shown) is the jewelled collar about the man's throat, an early forerunner of the Sasanian pearl band."

beauty, which all may see, lies a religious and cultural significance which can be extracted only by the slow and combined work of many scholars. The bronzes themselves are mute. No written documents of any kind exist for this particular culture, and yet their main purport may be inferred with some confidence, for we are not wholly without signposts. A combination of modern scientific scholarship and ancient tradition has given us a detailed and dependable picture of early Zoroastrianism. Zoroastrianism, a highly organised religion, however much it owed to the greatness of a single figure, was not created *de novo*, but was the organisation and purification of local religions and ancient law that had slowly matured through centuries. As these bronzes were found in Persia, and their relation with other datable styles for the moment justifies a dating somewhere in the thousand years between 1500 and 500 B.C., or, according to some scholars, a little later, they represent either the period immediately preceding Zoroastrianism or the early Zoroastrian

period. An examination of the typical pieces suggests the main outlines of Zoroastrianism immediately and forcibly. The central tenet of Zoroastrianism is the universal struggle between the opposed forces of Good and Evil. The good is embodied in and represented in one whole series of species in creation; the evil by another. In the first category are primarily the horned animals—the bovines, ibex, deer, goats—and of these the bull is pre-eminent. Other animals also are friendly, especially such useful, domesticated beasts as the horse. Opposed are their natural enemies, such as lions, serpents, toads. From the beginning to the end, man is engaged in a warfare to affirm the Good and destroy the Evil. His allies and protectors are these same horned animals. His sworn enemies, seeking to devour him on every side, are lions, serpents, and their cohorts.

The appearance of these major Zoroastrian animals, good and bad, in the Luristan bronzes might be a coincidence; but the recurrence, under various forms,



GOOD AND EVIL AT WAR: PRIMORDIAL MAN STRUGGLING WITH CONFRONTED SERPENTS; WHILE LIONS STAND ON THEIR HEADS.

of the struggle motif makes their meaning evident. The clearest and most complete presentation of this struggle shows primordial man, wearing a cap adorned with bull's-heads, or, oftener, just the horns, contesting with confronted serpents or lions. (Fig. 1.) The man is further reinforced by cock's-heads at his waist, a Zoroastrian symbol that the good spirit and divine wisdom are active in him. Ibex-heads, another embodiment of the benevolent forces, are poised on his hips. A curious detail on one piece (Fig. 1) is the jewelled collar about the man's throat, an early forerunner of the Sasanian pearl band. Often the struggle is expressed in a more abbreviated form, with just the man and confronted lions clinging to his sides, almost merged with his body; or sometimes the confronted lions play the major part, with the man represented only by a mask between them.

In some pieces the man is shown at rest from the struggle, surrounded entirely by friendly beasts. Thus one pin-head represents him wearing the bull's-horns, seated on *dos-à-dos* deer, who turn their heads toward him, and caressing confronted deer's-heads. Occasionally the decisive triumph of the good is portrayed, as in an ibex crouched dominantly on a pair of conventional lions *dos-à-dos* (Fig. 5). The beneficent bull and ibex appear separately on Luristan bronzes both in a naturalistic form and winged, and on a bit in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the bull is double-headed. The horse also appears winged, and there is a kind of winged man-bull. It is



2. A REPRESENTATIVE OF EVIL: A GROTESQUE TOAD AS A STAFF FINIAL.



3. A REPRESENTATIVE OF GOOD: AN AMULET OF THE BULL'S-HORNS MOTIF.

through the figure. No other finds in Persia show this same iconography, nor do the approximately contemporary bronzes from Scythia and Siberia, which have stylistic relations with the Luristan pieces, portray these themes. It is somewhat relevant, also, that Zoroastrianism, though it became most powerful in Eastern Persia, is believed to have come from Western Persia, and Luristan is the western border province of the country. A rapid first survey of the large quantity of material that has come out of Luristan—at least 2000 pieces—permits only of a preliminary hint of its significance, but when specialists in this field have had opportunity to make an exhaustive study, we shall undoubtedly have revealed an impressive record of one of man's earliest endeavours to express a philosophy of life.



4. "EVIL" AS AN AMULET: A LURISTAN BRONZE TOAD.

NOTE.—With regard to the bronzes illustrated on our colour-page, it should be recorded that the specimens in the second row, the confronted duck's ring in the third row, and the pin decorated with a lion are in the collection of Mr. Oscar Raphael; and that the horse from a pin which formed part of a chariot-fitting and the axe-head decorated with two lion-masks and two cock's-heads are in the collection of Mr. A. Upham Pope.



5. THE DECISIVE TRIUMPH OF THE GOOD DISPLAYED: AN IBEX CROUCHED DOMINANTLY ON A PAIR OF CONVENTIONAL LIONS *DOS-À-DOS*.

Mute, Yet Eloquent: The Significant Luristan Bronzes.



On the left (reading from the top to the bottom of the page) are the bronze top of a ceremonial object, showing confronted ibex, animals embodying Good; the top of a ceremonial object showing confronted lions, animals embodying Evil; and an axe-head decorated with two lion-masks and two cocks'-heads. In the next row (again reading down) are a primitive man-mask between confronted lions, the top of another ceremonial object; and a finial of an ibex surmounting confronted conventional lions. In the centre row (reading down) are a harness ring decorated with an ibex-head and lions; a bracelet

with confronted ducks; and a ceremonial object showing confronted lions, mounted on a bottle-shaped base. In the next row (reading down) are a finial showing a primitive man-mask between confronted lion-heads; and a finial showing a primitive man between conventional confronted lions. In the next row is a pin decorated with a lion. In the last row (reading down) are the top of a ceremonial object, with a primitive man struggling with serpents; a horse from a pin which formed part of a chariot-fitting; and an axe-head decorated with a crouching lion, a lion-mask, and deer-heads.

EXPRESSING GOOD AND EVIL AND THUS SUGGESTING ZOROASTRIANISM: "ANIMAL" BRONZES FROM PERSIA.

In our issue of September 6 we reproduced in monochrome certain of the remarkable bronzes found in Luristan this year. We here show others of them in colours, confining ourselves to "animal" pieces. To quote from an article by Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, which is given on another page: "An examination of the typical pieces suggests the main outlines of Zoroastrianism immediately and

forcibly. The central tenet of Zoroastrianism is the universal struggle between the opposed forces of Good and Evil. The good is embodied in and represented in one whole series of species in creation, the evil by another. In the first category are primarily the horned animals. . . . Other animals also are friendly . . . Opposed are their natural enemies, such as lions, serpents, toads."



(weather permitting) off Newport, Rhode Island, on September 13, the contest being for the best of seven races. British yachtsmen hope that Sir Thomas Lipton's repeated efforts to regain the Cup may at last be rewarded with success. It was stated recently that the yacht "Enterprise" had been chosen as Lipton's defender. The designer of the above map, Major Ernest Clegg, of New York, is a native of Birmingham who has lived for many years in the United States, where he has gained a leading reputation as a cartographer. His style is at once decorative and accurate. A group of his illuminated maps was exhibited in the Arthur U. Newton Gallery, New York, last April and May, and aroused wide interest. TITLE: SHARK BY ERNEST CLEGG (COPYRIGHT)



She knows that Craven "A" do not
affect her throat and she appre-
ciates that extra touch of Quality!

CRAVEN "A"



"Ladies'
Handbag" Size
25 for 1/3

3C. 20

THE DRAMATIC LOSS OF THE "TAHITI": RESCUE-WORK BY THE "VENTURA"; THE SINKING SHIP.



THE RESCUE OF THOSE ABOARD THE "TAHITI": A LIFE-BELTED PASSENGER CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF THE "VENTURA" FROM A LIFE-BOAT, WHILE OTHERS PREPARE TO FOLLOW HIM.



JUST BEFORE SHE SANK: THE "TAHITI" IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER PASSENGERS AND HER CREW HAD GOT AWAY IN LIFE-BOATS, TO BE TAKEN ABOARD THE "VENTURA."



THE "TAHITI" AS SHE PLUNGED BELOW THE WATERS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE RESCUE-SHIP "VENTURA": A LAST-MOMENT PICTURE OF THE ILL-FATED NEW ZEALAND MAIL-STEAMER.



WATCHING THE "TAHITI" GO DOWN: RESCUED PASSENGERS ABOARD THE "VENTURA" SEE THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE VESSEL FROM WHICH THEY HAD BEEN SAVED AFTER SHE HAD MET DISASTER 460 MILES FROM RAROTONGA AND 180 MILES FROM THE NEAREST STEAMER.

The New Zealand mail-steamer "Tahiti," bound from Wellington, New Zealand, to San Francisco, lost her starboard propeller early on the morning of Saturday, August 16, when some 460 miles south-west of Rarotonga, and 180 miles from the nearest steamer. As a result, water began to pour into her through the propeller-shaft, with such power that efforts to stem the inrush proved fruitless. Distress signals were sent out, but, for a while, much alarm for her was felt. Fortunately, she kept afloat for a considerable time (some sixty hours in all), and on the Sunday night the first rescue vessel arrived, the Norwegian steamer

"Penybryn," which stood by ready to help the crew and passengers. On the Monday morning, the American steamer "Ventura" reached the scene and took aboard all the "Tahiti's" passengers and crew and most of the mails. That same afternoon the "Tahiti" sank—to be precise, just before five o'clock in the afternoon, Rarotonga time, which is about ten-and-a-half hours in advance of Greenwich. The "Ventura" arranged to disembark the "Tahiti's" crew and passengers for the islands at Pago Pago, and then to proceed to San Francisco with the rescued European and American passengers.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR JAMES GUTHRIE.
Died on September 6, aged 71. For many years President of the Royal Scottish Academy and a Director of the National Bank of Scotland. Famous for his portraits.



MR. H. ST. J. PHILBY.
Famous authority on Arabian questions. Was chief British Representative in Transjordan from 1921 to 1924. Is authoritatively stated to have embraced Islam, becoming a Wahhabi.



MR. W. R. HEARST.
American newspaper magnate. Ordered to leave France on Sept. 2, for "the part played by Mr. Hearst in the abstraction . . . of a document relating to the Naval negotiations."



LADY (ALLAN) HORNE.
Drowned, with a companion, when their motor-car fell into the Scheldt on September 7. Wrote verses, dramatic sketches, and newspaper articles under the name of Aurioi Barron.



MR. WILLIAM MACKINDER,
M.P.
Died on September 8, aged 50. Labour M.P. for the Shipley Division of Yorkshire since 1923. Formerly officer of two trade unions. Wrote "Bone Street."



PLAYING WITH HIS WHEELBARROW: PRINCE TOMISLAV OF YUGO-SLAVIA, SECOND SON OF KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN MARIE.



A FUTURE KING AS HORSEMAN: CROWN PRINCE PETER OF YUGO-SLAVIA AT CASTLE DEDINGE, NEAR BELGRADE.



THREE PRINCES OF YUGO-SLAVIA: CROWN PRINCE PETER (WHO CELEBRATED HIS BIRTHDAY ON SEPTEMBER 6), PRINCE TOMISLAV, AND PRINCE ANDREAS.



PILOTING HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, PRINCE TOMISLAV, IN A MINIATURE "COMBINATION": CROWN PRINCE PETER AT THE HANDLE-BARS.

THE FAMILY OF THE DICTATOR-RULER OF YUGO-SLAVIA: CHILDREN OF KING ALEXANDER.

"For the occasion of the Crown Prince of Yugo-Slavia's birthday" (wrote a contemporary before that event), "the municipality of Belgrade has set up a commission, charged with the duty of receiving delegates from the different 'counties' of Yugo-Slavia who have come up to be present at the solemn presentation of new standards to the regiments of the Yugo-Slav

army." There is considerable talk at the moment as to King Alexander's autocratic rule, and there are not wanting those who advocate a return in part, at all events, to the older order of things. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that his Majesty's attitude has led to a considerable number of improvements in administration.



THE FRENCH AIRWOMAN WHO HAS SET UP A NEW RECORD FOR ENDURANCE FLIGHTS BY WOMEN, AND FOR SOLO ENDURANCE FLIGHTS: Mlle. MARYSE BASTIÉ.
Mlle. Maryse Bastié went up at Le Bourget on the evening of September 2, and stayed in the air for some thirty-seven hours, beating the record formerly set up by Mlle. Léna Bernstein, it is claimed, by more than an hour.



MOTHER OF A SON—PRINCE BAUDOUIN OF BELGIUM: PRINCESS ASTRID, DUCHESS OF BRABANT.

Princess Astrid, Duchess of Brabant and Belgian Crown Princess, gave birth to a son on the afternoon of September 7, at the Château of Struyvenberg, at Laeken. This happy event has delighted Belgians, for it ensures the direct succession to the throne.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.



A PART OF THE "SHAMROCK V." NOT IN USE DURING THE "AMERICA'S" CUP RACES! THE KITCHEN, WITH COOKS AT WORK, ON BOARD THE YACHT. Elsewhere in this number we illustrate Sir Thomas Lipton's famous yacht, "Shamrock V.," in racing trim for the "America's" Cup contest, which was arranged to begin to-day (September 13). Here we see the kitchen, which was used while the yacht was crossing the Atlantic, but not during the actual contest. Details of her interior were illustrated in our issue of May 31, when the artist noted that she would be stripped of all superfluous gear for the "America's" Cup races.



SO BIG THAT THE DRIVER COMMUNICATES WITH THE GUARD BY TELEPHONE: THE WORLD'S LARGEST LORRY CARRYING A HUGE BOILER.

The largest lorry in the world recently travelled by road from Liverpool to Dorking carrying a huge boiler. It is allowed to travel only by night because of its bulk. There is a control cabin (which can be seen in the above photograph) in the rear of the lorry, and the "guard" communicates with the driver by telephone. On his van is a warning notice to following traffic.



LEADER OF THE PROJECTED TEN-MILE BALLOON ASCENT TO STUDY COSMIC RAYS: PROFESSOR PICCARD INSIDE THE ALUMINIUM SPHERE THAT FORMS THE CAR.

The spherical aluminium car of Professor Piccard's balloon was illustrated in our last issue, with a note on his proposed ascent to a height of ten miles in order to study atmospheric conditions and cosmic rays. We now give some further photographs, showing the Professor himself, with his assistants, and further details of his apparatus. He holds the chair of physics at the University of Brussels, and is an authority on meteorology. It was reported on September 9



THE CAR IN WHICH LADY HORNE AND MME. SARI PETRASS WERE DROWNED BEING HOISTED OUT OF THE SCHELDT: A SCENE AT ANTWERP AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

When the chauffeur was attempting to steer her car on to the ferry between Ste. Anne and Antwerp, it plunged into the river, and Lady Horne (wife of Sir James Allan Horne) and her companion, since identified as Mrs. Sarah Crocker (formerly Mme. Sari Petrass), a famous Hungarian actress, were both drowned. The chauffeur managed to escape from the car. A photograph of Lady Horne will be found on another page.



STANDING OUTSIDE HIS BALLOON'S SPHERICAL ALUMINIUM "CAR," THE WORLD'S FIRST "FLYING LABORATORY": PROFESSOR PICCARD (CENTRE) AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

that he intended to start on his dangerous adventure on the following morning, from a field near Augsburg, in Bavaria, accompanied by Dr. Kipfer. The aluminium globe is fitted with scientific instruments, and may be called the world's first flying laboratory. Special devices were arranged to deal with changes of temperature and the risk of fire, and parachutes were included in the equipment. The balloon itself has a capacity of about 460,000 cubic feet.

HOW AND WHY SHOT-GUNS BURST: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS AT THE R.P.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN PHILIP P. QUAYLE.



1. A BURST DUE TO CLAY IN THE BORE; AND (ON RIGHT) THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

2. "The spark photographs of this series were taken in one-millionth of a second, and show for the first time the appearance of a shot-gun muzzle at the instant of bursting. It not infrequently happens that the careless sportsman inadvertently allows the muzzle of his gun to strike the ground, particularly in very hilly country, thus introducing obstructions of clay or similar materials. Such an obstruction, if very slight, will usually—particularly in the case of steel barrels—be blown out. However, in case the plug of clay extends into the barrel for as much as one inch, the barrel will infallibly burst if fired. The arm in this case was a steel double barrel of 12 gauge."



2. A BURST PHOTOGRAPHED IN ONE-MILLIONTH OF A SECOND; AND THE MUZZLE AFTERWARDS.



3. SHOWING CLAY PUSHED OUT: A SHOT-GUN BURST; AND THE MUZZLE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

4. "This photograph shows the muzzle of a steel double-barrel gun of 12 gauge just at the instant in which it burst owing to a muzzle obstruction consisting of a plug of clay one inch in length. Just at the upper edge of the print, and at the back of the gas blast, one of the pieces of the ruptured barrel may be seen. Similarly, a second piece of the barrel may be seen still in contact with the lower rib and not yet blown free from the barrel. The print at the right shows the condition of the barrel immediately after the burst depicted in the spark photograph."



4. SHOWING PIECES OF THE RUPTURED BARREL: A SHOT-GUN BURST; AND THE MUZZLE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.



5. SHOWING TWO PIECES OF THE BARREL BLOWN BACK: A SHOT-GUN BURST; AND THE MUZZLE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS.

1. "Cartridge manufacturers are frequently censured for accidents for which they are in no way to blame. In an extended series of tests, the Peters Cartridge Company have investigated many of the questions arising as to how and why shot-guns burst. The five spark photographs here reproduced have been selected from an extensive series dealing with shot-guns which have burst owing to obstructions in the muzzle. The obstruction in each of these instances consisted of a plug of clay filling the bore for a length of approximately one inch. The photographs mounted at the right in each case show the muzzle of the gun as it appeared immediately after the burst shown in the accompanying spark photograph. The arm in this case was a steel double barrel of 20 gauge."

3. "This spark photograph shows the muzzle of a Damascus double-barrel shot-gun of 10 gauge just at the instant in which it burst, owing to an obstruction in the muzzle consisting of a plug of clay one inch in length. A portion of the clay plug, one quarter of an inch in length, may be seen as it was being pushed out of the muzzle by the pressure of the powder gas. The photograph at the right shows the muzzle of the gun as it appeared immediately after the burst. It should be noted in all of these photographs that, although the top and bottom barrel ribs are considerably distorted and bent, nevertheless this condition has in general not occurred at the instant depicted in the spark photograph."

5. "This spark photograph shows the muzzle of a steel double-barrel shot-gun of 12 gauge, approximately two-thousandths of a second after it burst owing to a muzzle obstruction consisting of a clay plug roughly one inch in length. Two pieces of the barrel may be seen as they were blown back towards the breech of the gun. The upper rib is still in place, as may be seen in the photograph at the right. However, a portion of the lower rib has been blown away."

The Seventy-fifth Annual International Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain opens to-day (September 13), in the Society's galleries at 35, Russell Square, London, and will remain open until October 11. As in former years, the exhibition is representative of all that is best in modern photography, artistic or scientific, and contains a wonderful array of exhibits of every type. No one interested in photography should neglect to visit it. The above examples of Captain Quayle's work are not only of great technical interest, each having been taken in one-millionth of a second, but, as explained in the following note from the exhibition catalogue, they possess a very practical value.

"Some of the chief points of interest to be noted in the above prints (we read) will be found in the actual photographs of bursting shot-guns. It frequently happens that sportsmen allow the muzzles of their shot-guns to come in contact with clay or other material, thus introducing obstructions into the muzzles. The firing of a gun so obstructed frequently results in injury to the shooter. These prints, the first of this kind ever obtained, show for the first time in history precisely what may be expected to occur in case a shot-gun muzzle is allowed to become obstructed as described. This information is of vital importance to sportsmen in general, and to the arms and ammunition manufacturer as well."

CONTESTANTS FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: DEFENDER AND CHALLENGER.

PHOTOGRAPH OF "SHAMROCK V." BY G. L. A. BLAIR. NOW ON VIEW IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DEFENDER
IN THE
YACHTING
CONTEST FOR
THE "AMERICA'S"
CUP:
"ENTERPRISE,"
OWNED BY THE
HAROLD S.
VANDERBILT
SYNDICATE,
SEEN DURING A
TEST RUN IN
LONG ISLAND
SOUND.

THE CHALLENGER
IN THE
"AMERICA'S" CUP
CONTEST, NOW
BEING DECIDED
OFF NEWPORT,
RHODE ISLAND,
U.S.A.:
"SHAMROCK V.,"
OWNED BY SIR
THOMAS LIPTON—
A PICTURE IN
THE LONDON
SALON OF
PHOTOGRAPHY.



Messages from Newport, Rhode Island, on September 5, stated that "Shamrock V." would be docked there on the 8th, for the final "grooming" before the races, and would be launched again for trial spins on the two following days in preparation for the first race on the 13th. The issue is decided by the best out of seven races. It was also stated that "Enterprise," being a metal boat and thus taking less time to clean, would be out of the water only twenty-four hours on September 10, for the final cleaning and polishing

of the underbody. The New York Yacht Club selected "Enterprise" as defender for the "America's" Cup out of four candidates. The other three, all larger boats, were "Whirlwind," "Weetamoe," and "Yankee," as noted on our double-page decorative map of the course in colour. The defender, it may be mentioned, is named after an old Naval schooner that fought Barbary pirates and was known as "the plucky little 'Enterprise.'" "Shamrock V." represents the latest of Sir Thomas Lipton's many efforts to retrieve the famous Cup.

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY AS EXHIBITED: GEMS AT THE LONDON SALON.



"THE SKY": BY T. KOBAYASHI.



"WAVES": BY A. KONO.



"LATENT POWER": BY F. J. MORTIMER.



"INVESTIGATION": BY ARNOLD LONGMAN.

That well-known institution, the London Salon of Photography, has "come of age," and is now holding its twenty-first annual exhibition, at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at 5a, Pall Mall East. This exhibition, which will continue till October 4, should by no means be missed by

anyone interested in the art of the camera. As our examples show, it maintains its high standard of quality, and lives up to its constant aim—"to exhibit only that class of work in pictorial photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution."

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY AS EXHIBITED: GEMS AT THE LONDON SALON.



"PATTERN": BY T. K. SHINDO.



"FIRST SNIFF OF MOUSE": BY KATE SMITH.

That touch of originality, which the London Salon of Photography has always encouraged, is admirably typified in the upper subject on this page, a remarkable study of pattern in the interior of a parachute. As noted on the opposite page, the Salon's "coming-of-age" exhibition, from which these examples are taken,

is now on view. Besides a notable display by leading amateur and professional photographers in this country, its world-wide prestige is proved by numerous contributions from abroad. Processes and subjects are equally varied, but the dominant note in every exhibit is the artist's individual outlook.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

AN EVENT

RAIN! Rain! Rain! The little hostelry at the corner of the grey, uncompromising village street seems to shrink beneath the irony of its name, boldly blazoned across its wind-swept face: *Hôtel du Soleil*! Hotel of the Sun; Gallic optimism! For the sun has not patted the old inn's drenched cheeks with warm, comforting fingers for many a long week. The bumpy road that leads to Belfort harbours a hundred little pools. They spout miniature fountains under the hooves of the big, wet, patient cows harnessed to heavy loads by a strap across their broad brows or the wheels of the clattering *camions* that lumber and grind and klaxon past all day—and all night too, alas! The gutters on either side the steeply-cambered road have been converted into brooklets obviously intent on emulating the speed and turbulence of the mill-stream behind the house. The glorious heights of the Vosges mountains, peaked and piled into picturesque and high-flung battlements around the valley of our holiday choice, are as formless in the all-obliterating rain as a sponged-out drawing on a schoolboy's slate. And we, together with a handful of fellow-travellers—*commis-voyageurs*, marooned motorists, a few foolhardy holiday-makers like ourselves—sit huddled beneath a mournful canopy, creeper-fringed, on what is euphemistically called *la terrasse*, but which, at the present moment, and despite its tables, its benches, its hopeful wicker chairs, is nothing but a bit of mud-invaded pavement, chill to the foot, damping to the ardour of the cheeriest amongst us.

Le patron has done his best. He has stayed us with excellent food and good wine of the country. He has mourned with us the deplorable behaviour of this month of August—a month habitually so pleasant, so invigorating, so gay. Ah, if *messieurs* and *mesdames* could but see the beauties of the Vosges on a laughing August morning they would be entranced! And we, who have crept up and down the tortuous high road, with its hairpin bends innumerable, of the Ballon d'Alsace on a stormy summer evening four, five (or was it twenty?) days ago for the express purpose of discovering those beauties, heartily agree with *le patron*. But in view of this particular August's deplorable behaviour, and its determination to weep instead of laugh, what else, then, shall we see? We have read our holiday fiction from cover to cover, read, too, the available local newspapers, with their passion for motor accidents and gory crimes; we have counted all the *camions* and discussed all the cows. We hate to be numbered amongst those unintelligent people who have "nothing to fall back upon," and hence are unable to chew the cud of meditation in profitable leisure; but the truth of the matter is we are bored. Let us be honest about it. There is nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing but rain in the whole wide world, and we are bored. *Le patron* is desolated! He cannot stop the rain. But, one moment! *Tiens*, to-day is Tuesday, and to-morrow—yes, to-morrow, there will be something to see, oh, but something altogether amusing. *Le kino*! What chance for *messieurs* the travellers that to-morrow is the day for the fortnightly visit of the kinematograph! We will all go. *Le patron*, his wife, and little Mimi as well. It will be an event. We are duly excited.

And on the morrow, in the evening—and, as usual, in the rain—we duly set forth. *Le patron* leads the van. He is armed with a lantern, for our homeward journey. It is, truly, an expedition, this visit to the kinema. We proceed up the village street a few

hundred yards and come to a halt outside the Casino, which, to tell the truth, bears no outward semblance of a gilded home of pleasure, being a house exactly like its humble neighbours in aspect. Apparently the Casino, like *la terrasse*, has ambitions. But having bought the best seats in the house at fourpence a head and bags of peanuts, wherewith to beguile the intervals in many ways, we penetrate to a small hall that does, indeed, boast of a balcony, whereon we, the plutocrats, take our places. And presently, miracle of miracles, we recapture some-

we trudge home, careless of the rain, behind *le patron* and his lantern.

Home to our reflections. A village where "the pictures" are still an event—it is almost incredible. And singularly refreshing. Amongst the superpalaces that outbid each other in structural proportions and decorative elegance, amongst the velvet and gold and marble, the herculean efforts of architects and engineers, the mechanical marvels of the screen, the breathless race for new inventions, new sensations, new wonders, has some of the spirit, the

romance, the magic of "the movies" fled? Or have we allowed the picture-habit to encroach on us? The sophistication of the screen grows, keeping pace, perforce, with the growing elaboration of the entertainment and its housing. The older values are being lost. The sweep and pace and tremendous adventure of screen-drama—yea, and its fine simplicities. They will doubtless return, for in them and in the pictorial powers of kinematography lies the true strength of screen entertainment. But we ourselves—the film-goers? Have we become, amongst a

surfeit of film-fare and a plethora of colossal productions, insensible to that which thrilled us of yore? The pictures that may be dubbed "an event" are few and far between. It may be the fault of the picture-makers. It may be ours. Perhaps we see too much. In my village in the Vosges, after a fortnight's rain, we were not hard to please.

WILLIAM POWELL.

The drastic changes brought about by the advent of talking are acutely reflected in the ebb and flow of popularity amongst the "stars." Some silent favourites have been partially or entirely eclipsed. Others, again, have adapted themselves well to the new medium, emerged successfully from the vocal test. A few secondary planets have surged to the fore, discovering in the spoken dialogue an additional strength, holding their own easily and, indeed, with honours amongst the more recent "discoveries" of the studios. Such a one is William Powell. In the days of silence, Powell may be remembered in supporting rôles, generally of an unheroic, sometimes of a sinister, nature. Without the aid of speech, I doubt whether Powell would have climbed to the more exalted realms of virtue, honour, and heroism. For he is not cast in heroic mould. Frail and extremely thin, with eyes that seem too large for a narrow face, a heavy nose and somewhat fleshy lips, he is far removed from the conventional make-up of the hero. Yet the moment he speaks he dominates the stage. His voice is deep and resonant, his slight American accent pleasant to the ear, his diction incisive and remarkably clear. Speech has given to William Powell an authority that immediately arrests attention. Polished, slightly sardonic on occasion, yet wholly sympathetic, the classic rôles of the super-detective come easily within his range, and his selection for the Philo Vance series was inevitable. Since then he has entered—and with complete success—the more definitely "heroic" category. In "The Shadow of the Law" he is cast for a quiet, courteous

gentleman suddenly caught up in a whirl of violence and disaster. The story is melodramatic and not particularly strong. But Powell, in a part mainly passive, succeeds in making this fugitive from justice a real and very human being. In discovering the power of his voice, Powell has not forgotten the eloquence of silence, and in his skilful handling of both silence and speech he achieves effects that enhance a hundredfold the appeal of his personality.



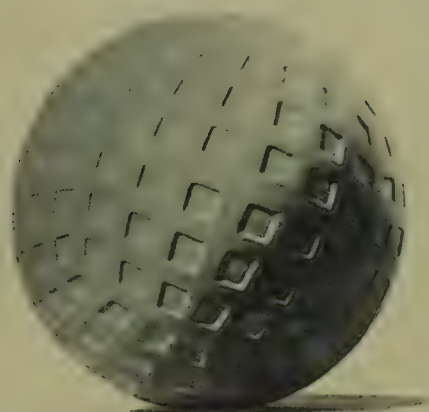
"THE DAWN PATROL," A FILM OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS AS IT WAS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR: A GERMAN AEROPLANE BLOWN UP BY A BRITISH RAIDING MACHINE, THE WINGS OF WHICH CAN JUST BE SEEN BEHIND THE EXPLOSION.

thing of our first fine frenzy at "the movies"! The picture is silent, of course. The musical accompaniment emanates from an elderly gramophone diligently, almost fanatically, served by a hunchback boy. It is a typical Gallic romance, explained in extremely



"ROMANCE" AS A FILM: MISS GRETA GARBO AS CAVALLINI, THE NEAPOLITAN PRIMA DONNA.

lengthy captions couched in politest French. There are frequent intervals, which might be annoying were it not for the hilarious pastime of throwing peanuts at the groundlings. The romance reaches its climax in a tremendous upheaval of nature. An avalanche. We are enthralled by its realism, harrowed by the jeopardy of hero and heroine. Will they survive? They will—they do! We breathe again! And happy in their fate, keyed up by so much excitement,



— and **NOW** for
the **Second Round**

Guinness is refreshing, invigorating, soothing. It guards the golfer against that tiredness which so often spoils a card towards the end of the round.

GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

fine craftsmanship and brought good work that was only one degree below solid silver within the reach of not too well-filled purses. Nor did the comparatively wealthy despise the new invention.

border will show the copper. In the early days this difficulty was overcome by turning the sheet down over the lip of the vessel: a little later it was found that thin plated wire made a neater border,

THERE have been many attempts in recent years to produce, for the benefit of collectors of old silver, a short compact guide to the marks of the various assay offices: some few have been not without value, but in general it is fair to suggest that they always omit just the details one is looking for at the moment. One, however, has just been presented to me which will surely be the model for all future productions of the kind for the next twenty years or so. It is from the learned pen of Mr. F. Bradbury, the authority upon the history of Old Sheffield Plate, and, as was to be expected, contains in addition a valuable list of marks to be found upon the objects of his special study. It does not, of course, pretend to be a substitute for that enormous tome, "English Goldsmiths



1. THE PRODUCT OF AN INDUSTRY THAT CAME TO AN END IN ABOUT 1845, WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF ELECTRO-PLATING: PIERCED SALT-CELLARS AND A MUSTARD-POT OF SHEFFIELD PLATE.

Here is a characteristic note by Horace Walpole in a letter to one of his many correspondents—

I passed through Sheffield, which is one of the foulest towns in England in the most charming situation. . . . One man there has discovered the art of plating copper with silver. I bought a pair of candlesticks for two guineas that are quite pretty.

It is amusing to remark that in the early days of the new process

and before very long Sheffield craftsmanship was equal to most variegated borders of leaves made of lead and covered with silver.

Photographs are never satisfactory for the study of details: nothing can take the place of handling the actual pieces; but, even so, the illustrations here do bear witness to the care and precision lavished upon each example. It will be found that, just as in fine



2. OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE: A EWER WITH BEADED EDGE AND SNAKE HANDLE (CENTRE); AND PIERCED PEPPER- AND MUSTARD-POTS.

and Their Marks," by the late Sir Charles J. Jackson, but the average collector will find it adequate, and the beginner invaluable. I should add that it appears to be unobtainable except from the better-known dealers in old silver—it will not, I understand, be on sale in the bookshops—and, as it will cost the serious enquirer exactly nothing, it should attain a quite portentous circulation.

The publication of this admirable little pocket-book happens to coincide with a Bond Street exhibition of Old Sheffield Plate which is also quite out of the ordinary. One sees heaps of Old Sheffield, but very rarely a carefully-arranged collection covering

manufacturers catered for the mild snobbery of their clients in the manner shown very well in Fig. 3, the rare flat-topped tankard. It will be noticed that this piece bears indecipherable marks resembling the hall-marks of solid silver. These were not, however, placed there with intent to deceive the buyer, but to impress the owner's guests as they sat round his table. To a casual eye the marks are sufficiently near the real thing (the tankard, by the way, is admirably made) to make it unlikely that the guest would realise that his host was not perhaps as prosperous as his plate would suggest. This type of marking terminated in 1772 owing



3. AN EARLY SHEFFIELD PLATE TANKARD FITTED WITH A FLAT TOP: A PIECE WITH IMITATION "HALL MARKS" NEAR THE HANDLE, MADE TO IMPRESS THE OWNER'S GUESTS, NOT TO DECEIVE THE BUYER.



4. PIERCED SALT-CELLARS, MUSTARD-POT, AND PEPPER-POTS OF SHEFFIELD PLATE: TYPES OF A PRODUCT THAT WAS LONG VALUED FOR ITS ATTRACTIVENESS AND COMPARATIVE CHEAPNESS BY THOSE WHO COULD NOT AFFORD SILVER.

the whole history of this important eighteenth-century experiment. Fifty years or so ago Sheffield Plate would be bought by rag-and-bone merchants for the sake of its constituent parts: to-day it is quite justifiably considered a very notable addition to the art of the silversmith. It has the adventitious interest also that the story of its rise and fall extends over just a century. It began in a very small way, it became an important industry, and finally disappeared with the invention of electro-plating.

Its origin, briefly, was as follows. About the year 1742 Thomas Boulsover, a Sheffield workman, was engaged in repairing a knife-handle. To make his vice hold firmly, he placed a penny between it and the handle, and by chance spilt some silver over the copper. This quite trivial accident seems to have given him the idea of experimenting further, and he discovered not only that copper would take a silver coating satisfactorily, in itself not an epoch-making experiment—but that the two joined metals could be rolled out in a thin sheet with complete success. It was this that laid the foundations of an industry which rivalled the productions of the silversmith in

to successful agitation by the London silversmiths, who were quite rightly jealous of their privileges.

Boulsover's first tentative efforts were concerned mainly with buttons and other small objects, but a little later, when many firms, and, in particular, individuals of the enterprise of Hancock, took up the process, practically everything produced by the silversmith was turned out also in Sheffield Plate. If you imagine an ingot of copper with silver super-imposed rolled out to a thin sheet and then worked up into a cup or plate, it is obvious that the

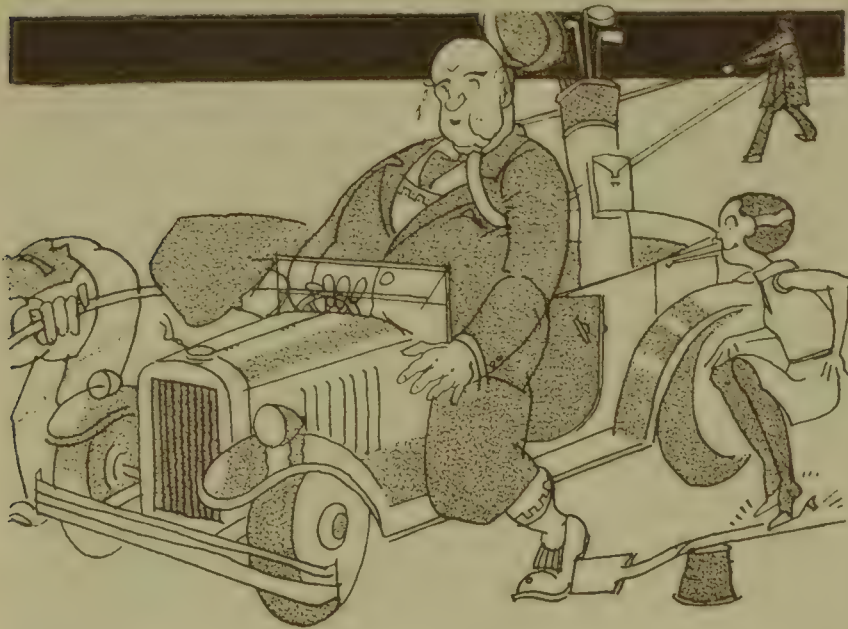
furniture of the period, almost as much pains were taken over the portions that are unseen as over those that form an essential part of the decoration.

As to styles, makers followed the fashions of their time, which, it must be admitted, were extraordinarily graceful. Thanks to the discoveries at Pompeii, then only recently excavated, the whole of cultivated Europe demanded shapes based upon classical forms. Whether a Doric or Corinthian marble column is really a satisfactory model for a silver candlestick is a matter over which it is possible to argue at length: what is certain is that both silversmiths and their brethren the platers, no less than the brothers Adam and the great Josiah Wedgwood, utilised to the full the wealth of ancient shapes so

[Continued overleaf.]



5. SHOWING THE RENEWED INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL FORMS, WHICH WAS DUE LARGELY TO THE FIRST DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: LYRE-SHAPED CANDLESTICKS AND CAKE-BASKETS, WITH OTHER OBJECTS IN PIERCED SHEFFIELD PLATE.



"And after lots of shouts
and groans
They get dear papa in"

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(Continued.)

lately revealed to the world. (The centre ewer in Fig. 2 and the lyre-shaped candlesticks on the outside of Fig. 5 are obviously happy adaptations of these classical forms.)

If it is permissible to express a personal opinion on questions of taste, I think that of all the products



AN INTERESTING WEDDING AT HARROW WEALD: MR. WILLIAM BAXTER ENEVER AND HIS BRIDE (MISS ISLA HOWARD-WILLIAMS).

The wedding took place on September 4, at All Saints', Harrow Weald, of Mr. William Baxter Enever and Miss Isla Howard-Williams. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Enever, of Willow Grange, Watford; and the bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard-Williams, of Belgrano, Stanmore, and a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Williams, a Director of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. Mr. Howard-Williams, C.B.E., is a Director of the Central Argentine Railway and of several other companies.

of the old Sheffield process pride of place should be given to the examples in pierced designs, many of which are illustrated. The more open baskets, etc., are obviously of plated wire—the closer work, such as the little salt-cellars, etc., of Figs. 1 and 4 are cut, or, rather, punched. The fretsaw, adequate for similar work in silver, was useless for plated copper as it left a jagged edge; instead, each hole had to be punched

out separately. The industry came to an end about 1845, when the modern process of electro-plating, so speedy and so accurate, took its place.

"THE PALACE OF MINOS."

(See Illustrations on Pages 433 to 437.)

SIR ARTHUR EVANS has just issued another volume of his great work on the excavations in Crete which he has conducted with such remarkable results. It is an epoch-making work in a very literal sense, for his revelations have added a new period to the story of human culture in the Mediterranean, and have caused the early chapters of Greek history to be rewritten in the light of abundant new material. The new volume (from which we give illustrations elsewhere in this number) is entitled "The Palace of Minos." A Comparative Account of the Successive Stages of the Early Cretan Civilisation as Illustrated by the Discoveries at Knossos. By Sir Arthur Evans, D.Litt., F.R.S., etc., Hon. Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Vol. III. The Great Transitional Age in the northern and eastern sections of the Palace: the most brilliant records of Minoan Art, and the evidences of an advanced Religion. With 367 Figures in the text, Plans, 13 coloured and 11 supplementary Plates (Macmillan; £5 5s. net).

Some of the exquisite coloured plates, such as those from the "miniature frescoes" showing seated ladies and crowds at a public festival, and the restoration paintings of the King in his great hall (megaron), and of the Queen's megaron with two Court ladies exchanging confidences, enable the reader to visualise both the interior architecture and decoration of this wonderful palace, and something of the social life that went on within its walls. Especially interesting in this connection are the touches of modernity in water supply, sanitation, and "conveniences," as shown in the luxurious bath-room. Other notable pictorial records are those representing the Minoan worship of the great goddess, including scenes closely analogous to the Madonna and Child. Perhaps the most fascinating of all the illustrations, however, are the numerous reliefs and wall-paintings showing incidents of the Minoan bull-ring, a national sport with religious associations, in which girls as well as men performed thrilling acrobatic feats, such as somersaults over the head and back of a charging bull.

Sir Arthur's written description, graced, as usual, by a delightfully lucid style and inexhaustible resources

of scholarship and allusion, provides full details of all these and countless other aspects of the great discovery, with comparisons drawn from Mycenaean, Sumerian, and Egyptian art and culture. The excavator must always be on guard against the unauthorised abstraction of treasures, and the disappearance of certain inscribed tablets was traced, he says, to "one of our workmen, Aristides—the unjust!" A very important Minoan relic, which ultimately found its way to America, is believed to have emanated, some years before the Great War, from the Palace at Knossos. It is "a remarkable chryselephantine figurine, known from its present home as the 'Boston Goddess.'" But "none need regret (Sir Arthur adds) that the Knossian Goddess—so admirably reconstituted—should have found such a worthy resting-place (i.e., in the Boston Museum), and that she stands to-day as a Minoan 'Ambassador' to the New World."



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"RICHARD III." AT THE NEW.

MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY'S production of "Richard III." is not, in the strict sense of the phrase, a "one-man show," but in effect it is. Mr. Holloway so dominates the stage that support, which normally would be effective enough, hardly ranks above the mediocre. But Holloway's Gloucester is so striking that it should draw all lovers of Shakespeare to the New Theatre. There is a dash, a virility, a sardonic humour, and a gusto in his villainy that makes a sophisticated West End "stallite" akin to the patron of the old-time Elephant and Castle: bear-baiting Elizabethans could yearn for no more blood than we. Queens—on the stage at least—should look like Queens; Miss Nancy Price's Margaret of Anjou was too much a harridan to look a regular royal Queen; yet, as she conceived the part, her performance was effective. Next to that of Mr. Holloway's Gloucester, the Catesby of Mr. Alfred Harris was most worthy of praise. There were a few scenic mishaps on the first night, but as they have, undoubtedly, long since been rectified, "Richard III." should be playing with a speed and a lustiness that would have appealed as much to its author as it should appeal to the modern playgoer.

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE," AT THE SAVOY.

Thirty years or more after its writing, Mr. Bernard Shaw's play for puritans may not be such a shock as he once hoped it might have been. This is not his fault. The shocks are there, but where are the puritans? Perhaps Mr. Shaw himself has done as much as anyone to dispose of the very audience he professed his play to be intended for. Yet the melodrama remains. And good melodrama it is; as suited for the Lyceum of to-day as it was for the Adelphi in the time of William Terriss, for whom he originally intended it. All the stock situations are there. The hero who is willing, almost eager, to suffer for another; the Trial Scene; even Execution Dock, when, while the rope is actually around the hero's throat, the real "criminal" dashes up with a reprieve for the falsely accused! Sir John Martin-Harvey is not too well suited as the Shavian hero. Flamboyant enough in his manner, he takes him a

trifle too seriously: a Shavian hero who isn't laughing at himself half the time is only half a Shavian hero. Yet there was grip in the situation when he usurped the minister's coat and went to trial in his stead. Mr. Charles Carson gave the best performance of the evening. He got every ounce out of Shaw's salty wit as General Burgoyne.

"ELDORADO," AT DALY'S.

Picturesque scenery, gaily-coloured dresses of Sunny South America, and music more than ordinarily tuneful go far towards making this a delightful entertainment. Go far, but not quite far enough, for, after all, even so airy a structure as a musical comedy needs some sort of "book" as a foundation on which to stand. But "Eldorado" has no book worthy of the name. The plot deals with a diamond which, like a shoe in Hunt the Slipper at a Christmas party, passes so quickly from hand to hand that no one can follow it. If the book were merely confusing, that would matter little. The real trouble is that it is dull and diffuse, and lacks even one spark of humour. Mr. Jerry Verno, the comedian-in-chief, was given no opportunity of developing the promise he showed as Planchet in "The Three Musketeers." True, he had one good number, in the real Huntley-Wright-Daly's vein, when, in feminine attire, he sang "Aren't We Little Devils?" Poor Mr. Mark Daly deserves sympathy, for in this, his second chance in London, he again gets no material to work with.

Miss Desirée Ellinger sings delightfully, but her songs, though tuneful, are not worthy of her voice. This is even more the case with Mr. Donald Mather, who sang so finely in "The Student Prince." Miss Mimi Crawford is excellent in her kittenish way, and scores in a quaint number, "Buzzin' Around." The piece is too long, and the cutting of at least half an hour will do much to improve it. Also the addition of a few funny situations. Apart from the book the entertainment has merit.

"CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE," AT THE CAMBRIDGE.

It is to be hoped that "Charlot's Masquerade" will break the spell of ill-luck which usually attends the opening of a new theatre, for few of recent years have housed successes at the start. The revue lacks a dominant personality. Miss Beatrice Lillie's quaintly lackadaisical air is effective enough, but a

touch of vivacity would not be amiss now and then. Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Henry Kendall are two excellent light comedians, but they are not fun-makers in the rollicking way one expects at such an entertainment. The music is pleasant, "The Masque of Red Death" is a decorative ballet, and a young and hard-working chorus do excellent work. It is Mr. Ronald Jeans, the author, who makes the real hit. His sketches are some of the cleverest he has ever written. The effect in thirty years' time on English home-life of the American talkies and negro spirituals is a most entertaining idea, while his "Amazing Disclosures," showing how the stage might compete with the newspapers as retailers of gossip, was the success of the evening. On the whole, a good, if not outstanding, show.

In these days, travelling by boat and train has become as comfortable and as simple as a tour in a private car. Consequently, more and more people follow the sunshine each winter and find health, interest, and entertainment in the fascinating countries of the tropics. Egypt and Ceylon are favourite winter resorts, for their climate is at its best during December, January, and February. The attractions of Egypt, one of the most interesting countries of the world, are too well known to need any description here. It is not always realised, however, what a perfect holiday can be spent in Ceylon at this time of year. The climate is ideal and the scenery beautiful. There are numberless places of interest to visit, including Kandy, the last of the historical capitals of Lanka; Nuwara Eliya, a beauty-spot of the East; Anuradhapura, famous for its ruins and capital of the island from B.C. 437 to 846 A.D., the Rock Temple of Dambulla, dating from B.C. 100, and many other interesting relics of an ancient civilisation. The voyage to Ceylon can be carried out under perfect conditions by the Bibby Line winter sunshine tours. This line issue special return tickets from Liverpool to Ceylon at £95. The liners are equipped with every luxury, and every possible arrangement is made for the comfort of the passengers. The fare to Egypt from Liverpool is £47. Further particulars can be obtained on application to Bibby Bros. and Co., at 22, Pall Mall East, S.W.

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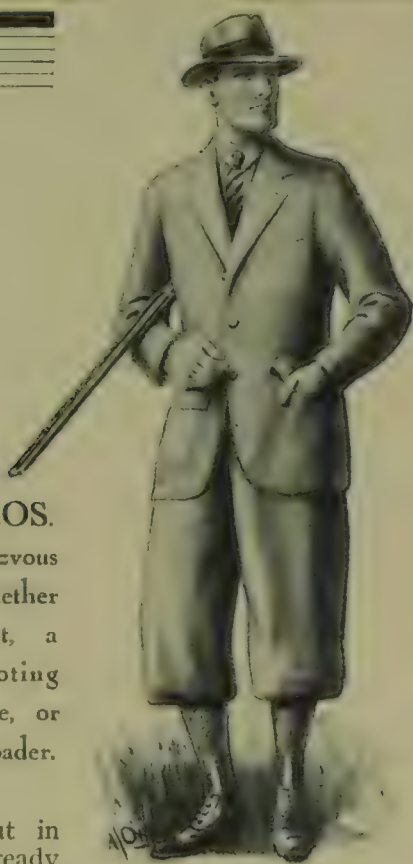
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XCVIII.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

THE centre of gravity of a vessel (CG in the accompanying diagram) is the point from which she could be balanced if she were suspended by a single line. It never alters its position unless any of the weights carried in the boat are moved, neither does it change when the boat heels over or pitches. The CB (centre of buoyancy) is the centre of gravity of that portion of the boat which is immersed in the water. It lies, like the CG, in the fore and aft centre line of the ship and is vertically below the CG, but only when she is upright (Fig. 1). If the vessel is heeled over as in Fig. 2, the CG will still remain in its original position, but the CB will move over to the side. The vessel will be in a state of equilibrium when in this state and will tend to right herself, for the CG acts downwards and the CB upwards. If, however, the boat is heeled over as in Fig. 3 and the CB comes vertically below the CG, she will remain heeled over to this extent; but if she is heeled over a little further, thus bringing the CB to the left of the CG, the vessel will upset.

The metacentre of a vessel is the point where a vertical line drawn through CB when the vessel is heeled over cuts a vertical line drawn through CG when the vessel is upright (Fig. 4). This point is called M, and is, to all practical purposes, a fixture up to about 20 degrees of heel. The distance between CG and M is termed GM, or the metacentric height. If GM is great, the vessel will not roll easily, but her motion will be jerky and uncomfortable; whilst a boat with a medium metacentric height will have a long and easy roll. When ballast is placed in a vessel, her metacentric height is increased.

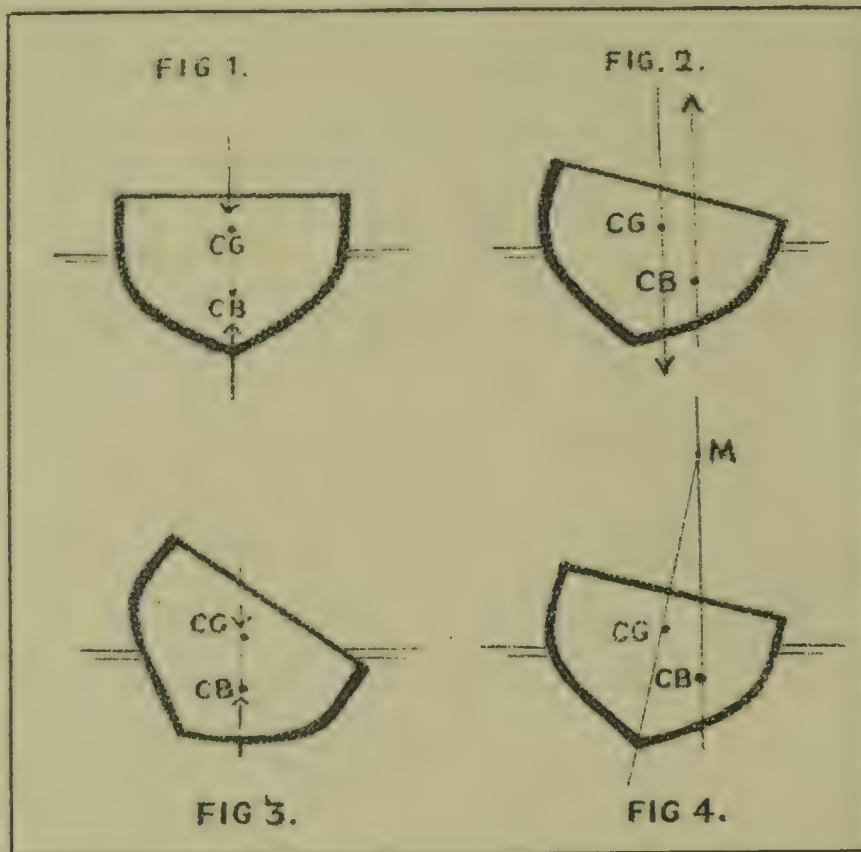
Now, a battle-ship has a metacentric height of from 4 to 5 ft., and a liner about 1 ft. The former is great because a "stiff" ship is required in order to obtain a steady gun-platform, whilst

passenger vessels must have an easy motion. Both these are, of course, displacement craft, so cannot be compared fairly with skimming boats. In the 55-ft. coastal motor-boats, which are known to be very stable and seaworthy craft, the CB, when the vessel is vertical, is .65 ft. below the water-line, the CG is 1.3 ft. above the water-line, and the metacentric height is

4.5 ft. These vessels are single-stepped hydroplanes, and it is interesting to compare them with a 'modern hard chine or stepless boat.

The "Crusader Express Cruisers" (stepless), for example, that have been built recently for Mr. Arthur Bray by Saunders Roe, Ltd., of Cowes, to the designs of Mr. F. Cooper, have a metacentric height of 4.25 ft., with their CB approximately 8 inches below the water line and the CG 1 ft. 10 in. above the water-line. Though these craft draw only 2 ft. 9 in., the tops of their superstructures are 8 ft. 9 in. above their water-lines, which, at first sight, would appear to make them top-heavy. This is by no means the case, however, for trials have proved that they can be heeled over to 50 or 60 degrees until their decks are awash without fear that they will overturn. I have not yet tried one of these boats, but I hope to do so shortly, as from the details that I have before me their design seems to have been carefully thought out in every way. They are obviously not the type of craft for poor men, for they cost about £2150 and are fitted with two powerful engines.

I am pleased to hear that the racing motor-boat that was specially designed and built by Mr. Scott Paine as a competitor for the *Detroit News* 5½-litre International Trophy, and which I described on Aug. 30, has been successful, and scored 1112 points against 800 of her nearest American rival. This is a great triumph for the British boat-building industry, for in this race the engines used must be stock American units as sold to the public, so that as regards the power plants all the boats taking part are equal. England can now justly claim that, in spite of America's invasion of her speed-boat market, that country can teach us nothing as regards designing fast boats. It is true that we have not been able to win the International Motor-Boat Trophy from America, but the conditions of that race were different, and our representative developed a defect.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THREE VITAL ELEMENTS IN UNDERSTANDING THE STABILITY OF BOATS, AND IN BOAT CONSTRUCTION: A BOAT'S CENTRE OF GRAVITY, CENTRE OF BUOYANCY, AND ITS "METACENTRE."

The centre of gravity (CG) of a boat is the point from which she could be balanced if she were suspended by a single line; the centre of buoyancy (CB) is the centre of gravity of that part of a boat which is immersed in water; the "metacentre" is the point where a vertical line drawn through the centre of buoyancy when the vessel is heeled over cuts a vertical line drawn through CG when the vessel is upright.



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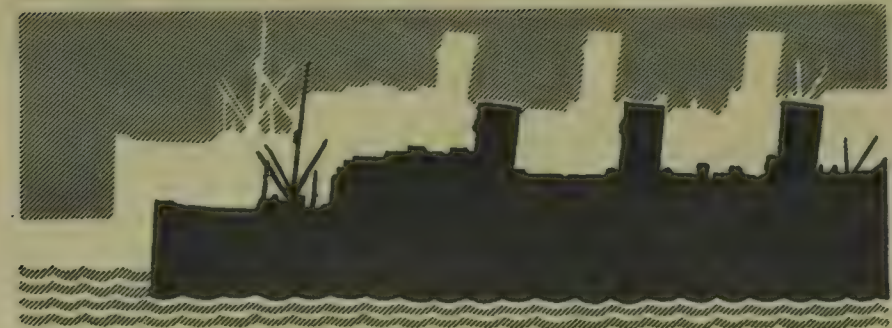
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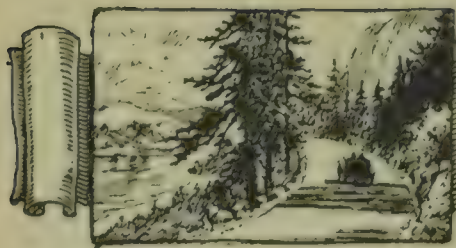
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Every Morris owner should write to Shell-Mex Limited, P.O. Box 148, Shell Corner, Kingsway, for a free copy of "CO-OPERATIVE LUBRICATION."



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WARM weather in Great Britain has caused a regular boom in caravans and trailers for motorists. I do not remember seeing so many of these moving homes in any previous summer. Also, besides the usual Eccles passenger-car caravan, I



IN AN ATTRACTIVE OLD ENGLISH SETTING OF TIMBERED BUILDINGS AT LAVENHAM, IN SUFFOLK: THE NEW 15.7-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER "SILVER CROSSLEY," PRICED AT £545.

have seen a number of this firm's recent low-loading horse-boxes at various race-meetings. I am informed that there are a considerable number of folks with country houses, estates, and farms who have use for a horse-box two or three days a week, but who have not sufficient use to warrant the expense of a conventional motor horse-box on a large expensive low chassis, usually a two-three tonner. Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., have now built an articulated six-wheeler which has the front part of the horse-box portion superimposed on a 30-cwt. Chevrolet, Ford, or other low-priced chassis. The illustration shows quite clearly that, because the horses are carried in the semi-trailer portion, the loading height is brought very near to the ground. Within five minutes the trailer portion can be supported on jacks, which are permanently attached and built in with it, and the trailer detached from the lorry, leaving a perfectly flat platform. Sides and a tail-board are supplied with the outfit, and when attached leave a general utility motor-lorry for either estate or country-house work.

These trailer horse-boxes when carrying two horses and attendants can run up to forty miles an hour, and many owners of these two-purpose vehicles have expressed their satisfaction in regard to their usefulness in both capacities. There is a groom's compartment, and the whole box is well ventilated and amply padded; coco-matting is provided over the padding. Better still, due to a low centre of gravity, there is an entire absence of sway, which makes the travelling very comfortable for the occupants. Brakes are provided for the trailer portion operated by a hand-wheel by the driver. These, as a rule, are only required to be used on long descents, as the lorry's brakes are sufficient for the outfit on all normal hills. All complete, with a back ramp, the vehicle costs £492 10s., and (as illustrated) with a side ramp in addition, £507 10s.—built either on Ford or Chevrolet chassis.

Morris Plumps for Shell.

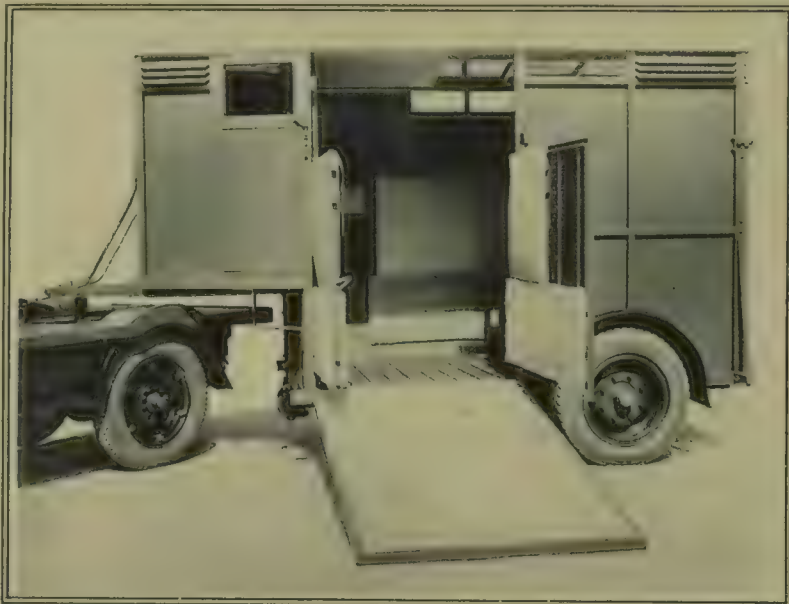
The romantic rise of the Morris organisation from a small garage in Oxford to the largest producers of motor-vehicles in England has always been followed with keen interest by the public. Consequently, the Morris 1931 programme created quite an excitement when it was announced recently. Incidentally, with the announcement came also the news that, from Sept. 1, Shell motor oil will be the only lubricant recommended for Morris cars. Behind this prosaic statement is an interesting story of ten years of co-operation between a car-manufacturer and an oil-producer. The result of this collaboration is that the Shell-Mex, Ltd., have produced an exceptionally suitable oil for these motors. This story, by the way, is briefly told in a booklet which will be sent to readers of this journal on application to Shell-Mex, Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. As for the programme itself, motorists must admit that Sir William Morris (and his organisations) have endeavoured to build such a wide range of cars, commercial motor chassis, and heavy motors that every reasonable demand can be satisfied with an article well proven and capable of giving the service required.

Car folk will be most interested in the new Morris Major, a six-cylinder edition of the four-cylinder Minor with its "salonette" body. The side-valve engine is rated at 14.9 h.p. It has a combined air-cleaner and oil-fume consumer in the head, and automatically-operated radiator-shutters. The "salonette" costs £215; coupé with folding head, £220; and coach-built saloon with folding-head, £225. Another new model is the Morris Minor two-seater, best described as a link between the unblushing sports model and the standard touring car. This costs £125, and covers fifty miles to the gallon of petrol and 1500 miles to the gallon of oil. This has an overhead-valve engine, and can "hop it"—as a schoolgirl confidentially whispered in my ear on seeing me looking at it! It has a quick-raising weather-proof hood and side curtains, so is equally cosy under bad as well as fine-weather touring. Then, the world-famous Cowleys are again reduced in price, and it is now possible to buy a saloon with fixed head for £185, and a folding-head saloon for £190. The tourer costs £170.

Morris Reduces Prices All Round.

Even on the luxuriously-equipped Morris-Oxford "Sixes" price reductions have been effected. The saloon with sliding head is now only £275, with

arm-rests for the rear-seated passengers that fold up when a third is carried. Improvements have been made in various details of all the Morris cars. The Morris "Isis" six-cylinder now costs only £340 for the saloon. It has louvres of Triplex glass fitted to all windows, a pebble-guard for the rear petrol-tank, and an air-filter for the carburetter combined with the oil-fume consumer to prevent any chance of fumes from the breather of the sump penetrating into the interior of the carriage. Triplex glass, shock-absorbers, cellulose finish, bumpers, automatic windscreen-wiper, four-wheel brakes, chromium finish to all bright parts, five lamps, S.U. carburetter, calorimeter, and dipping head-lights are fitted to all Morris models, irrespective of size and power. The only exception is that no dipping lights are fitted on the Minor. An important innovation is the group system of lubrication of the Morris-Cowley chassis. This will be well appreciated by owner-drivers of both sexes. All the formerly inaccessible grease-gun nipples have now been mounted in line formation just above the back axle. By lifting a floor-board, all these can have their lubricant renewed in a couple of minutes, and without dirtying the operator. The Cowleys also have a taller radiator, a newly-designed cylinder-head, lighter valves, and consequently better speed than the older models.



THE NEW HORSE-BOX MANUFACTURED BY ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS, LTD.: A TRAILER WHICH CAN BE SUPERIMPOSED ON A 30-CWT. CHEVROLET, FORD, OR OTHER LOW-PRICED, LORRY CHASSIS.

Fabric or coach-built saloons, folding-head coupé, besides a useful commercial traveller's saloon (£199), are the Cowley range, as well as the two- and four-seater tourers at £160 and £170 respectively. In fact, the wide choice of styles of coachwork and horse-powers, from four-cylinder 8 h.p. up to 18-h.p. six-cylinder, provides some twenty different Morris products from the Cowley factory. This is a full range of low-priced cars unattainable from any other motor-manufacturer in the world.

New Alvis Light Car.

Three models of chassis are being standardised by the Alvis motor factory for 1931—the six-cylinder sports "Silver Eagle," the "Silver Eagle" six-cylinder standard model, and the new four-cylinder 12-50-h.p. four-cylinder Alvis. This last has been designed to meet the requirements of a number of motorists who feel the necessity of insisting upon absolute minimum running-costs, insurance, tax, etc., without in any way affecting the Alvis characteristic speed, smoothness of running, or sturdiness. It is a full-sized fast touring-car, with ample accommodation for passengers and luggage. It costs from £395 for the tourer, and about £435 for the saloon. The new season's prices for the "Silver Eagle" six-cylinder standard and sports models range from £585 upwards. New ideas in comfort coachwork have been incorporated in all

(Continued on leaf.)



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Batterealities. No. 6

Sound Advice

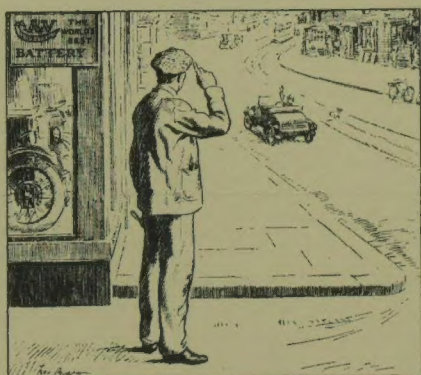
The motorist was much perplexed, his trials beset him sore, One thing especially disturbed the poor chap more and more. He mused, "My car and wireless both a battery possess, "Oh, why should one a failure be, the other a success?" This problem he propounded to a scientific friend, Who quickly found an answer which he hastened to extend. "Your wireless battery," he said "is made by C.A.V.," "While that upon your car is of a make unknown to me."

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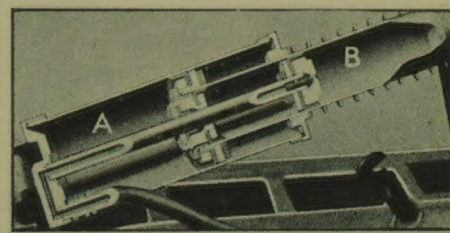
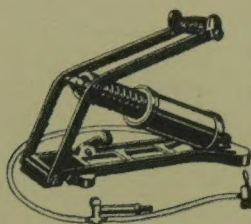
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Continued. models. As Alvis cars were the first to finish behind the winning Italians in the Tourist Trophy race at Belfast this year, and the three cars were the winners of their class (1½ litres), their popularity is assured among sporting motorists. I wish, therefore, to record that my experience on all these Alvis models is that a young girl or an elderly woman can drive them as easily as any man, because they are so smooth and light to handle in clutch, brakes, steering, and road-holding qualities. People often are afraid to buy a high-class car such as this if it has a sports reputation, for fear it should run away with them. The Alvis models have the docility of a dog with the speed of a swallow, and make excellent touring cars at all paces.

New Rover "Light Twenty." With many of the leading British motor factories announcing their 1931 programme early this month, the motoring public will know beforehand the type of cars they may expect to see at Olympia in the middle of October. Thus the Rover Company, Ltd., are offering their patrons a four-cylinder 10-25-h.p. model, called the "Family Ten" for its roominess; a Two-Litre six-cylinder rated at 15.72 h.p.; a "Light Twenty" rated at 19.3 h.p.; and the Rover "Meteor" 20-h.p. six-cylinder models. All have overhead valves operated by long push-rods from the camshaft in the crankcase, water circulation by pump, pressure engine-lubrication, and coil and battery ignition. These four models are also marked down in price, but not in value, as safety glass is provided on the cheapest model, and for a small extra sum safety glass all round. The electric horn of ancient memory has passed away on Rover cars. Its place is taken by a small but attractive chromium-plated disc mounted between the head-lamps which emits the warning signal from the driver. This is the first car I have seen with this novelty in horn gadgets, a very neat and effective affair. The "Ten" is improved since last season with larger doors so hung as to be easier to open. The Two Litre six-cylinder Rover has a silent third-speed similar to that on the new Light Twenty, and Rover Meteor. The Light Twenty is substantially the same in appearance as the Two Litre. It is an entirely new model, designed to meet the demand for a compact high-

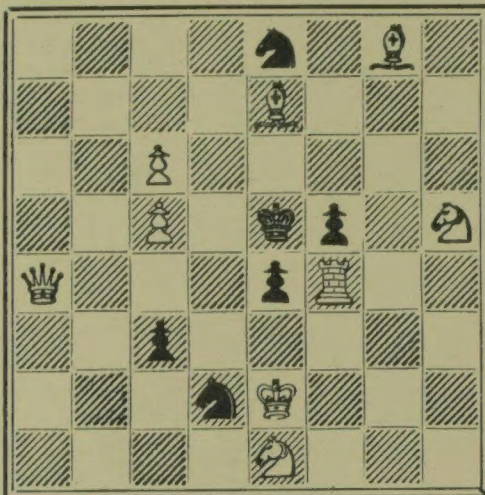
speed touring saloon. Its 20-h.p. six-cylinder engine gives it a fine turn of speed. All points that require periodical attention are easy to get at, and the fuel bill is small. Further, all the prices are lower than ever. The Family Ten saloon costs £189, the Two Litre saloon £298, the Light Twenty saloon £358, and the "Meteor" £398—a nice arithmetical progression of powers and prices to suit varied requirements.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4076.—By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).
BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 4s1B1; 4B3; 2P5; 2P1K1S; Q3P2; 2P5; 3sK3; 4S3.]

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4074. By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).
[1B5Q1; 1P6; 1S6; 2R1S1P; 5K1P; 3K4; 2P5; 8—mate in two.]
Keymove: RB7 [Rc5-c7].

If 1. — R×Kt, 2. RB7; if 1. — RKt4, 2. Q×R; if 1. — R other, 2. QKt5; if 1. — KtQ2, 2. RB4; and if 1. — K×Kt, 2. RB6.

A pretty little trifle, with a first-rate keymove, which, in essence a waiting move, allows the self-pin by R×Kt, and provides the threat

RB7 to meet that contingency. The three Rook mates are all excellent, and there have been several wrong solutions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. FARMER (Karachi).—Thank you for game. Every other diagram in the I.L.N. is a Game-Problem. In the position you send, RB4 is a winning move, but White has too many other ways of winning for the ending to be used as a problem. White should buy fur-lined boots!

R. FARMER (Tralee).—12. KtB6ch, P×Kt; 13. QB8ch! K×Q 14. BR6ch, KKt1; 15. RK3 (mate).

OTHER CORRESPONDENTS (whose names are not Farmer) have been replied to by post.

THE BRITISH CHAMPION MAKES GOOD.

Mir Sultan Khan, playing top board for Britain at Hamburg, thoroughly justified himself as British champion, and silenced those critics who thought his Ramsgate victory "fluky." There is not much gaiety in his chess; he plays a grim, thrustful game, and in winning employs methods of brutal simplicity. The game which follows is a good specimen of his style, in which one looks in vain for the blag and arabesque usually associated with Hindustani.

(Queen's Pawn.)

| WHITE (Taubman.) | BLACK (Sultan Khan.) | WHITE (Taubman.) | BLACK (Sultan Khan.) |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| 1. PQ4 | KtKB3 | 16. QKt3 | Castles |
| 2. PQB4 | PK3 | 17. RQ1 | QK2 |
| 3. KtQB3 | BKt5 | 18. BQ3 | |

This sortie gives White doubled pawns, which apparently he prizes highly. For those who like this kind of pawn, this is the kind of pawn they will like.

Black hopes by pressure on e4 to dash his optimistic opponent's hopes of a strong centre.

Black hopes by pressure on e4 to dash his optimistic opponent's hopes of a strong centre.

Already El Dorado fades, B×Kt was correct.

Gaining a file and a tempo, and laying the foundation of victory.

Starting for the Dawn of Nowhere.

White has at last succeeded in playing PK4, but look at his plight! A lost game on the Q wing, and not one K-side piece developed. If he walks into the parlour with Q×P, RR4 drops the portcullis.

White now remembers what he has read about getting one's pawns out.

A fine move; Sultan must almost have smiled. If B×Q, the exchanges leave White wringing his hands on the Queen's wing.

Now the strength latent in Black's 12th move begins to be felt.

Childlike, but effective; White might now have resigned.

A blacksmith's stroke

The threat is PQ6, but is easily parried.

White resigns, with three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter.

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water

with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

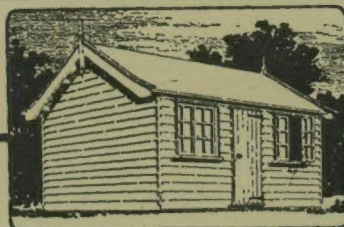
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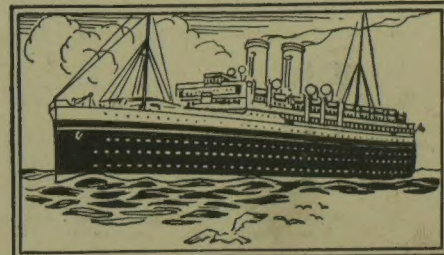
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Lord Tom: "Damned annoying! I'm in a deuce of a hole!"

Sir Edward: "Never satisfied, Tommy. Won a good race yesterday and you're grumbling—started at 10/1, too. Nice price."

Lord Tom: "Yes, too nice—that's the trouble."

Sir Edward: "Fancy a man growling at his horse winning at a long price! I should have thought the longer the better. Where's the snag?"

Lord Tom: "Well, a lot of pals had a bit with me—several 'tenners' and 'ponies'—in all about £500. As I, also, wanted a 'monkey' on, I instructed my Commissioner to invest £1,000 in all."

Sir Edward: "So I suppose your grouch is that you did not have more on?"

Lord Tom: "No; it seems to have been a weak market and my man accepted 7/1, 6/1, 5/1—averaging about 6/1. To his consternation, the starting price is returned at 10/1, and that is the price at which all my friends will expect me to pay them."

Sir Edward: "Which means you win almost nothing on the race?"

Lord Tom: "Yes, by the time my trainer and jockey have their presents and I pay everybody at 10/1, there will be nothing left."

Sir Edward: "The old story, Tommy. Haven't you heard me repeatedly say that backing on a racecourse is most unsatisfactory? Getting worse every year!"

Lord Tom: "What is one to do?"

Sir Edward: "Why, open an account with 'Duggie.' Give him your business on almost any terms you choose, either at Starting Price or 'Tote' odds, with 'No Limit'—then go to the racecourse with full peace of mind and hope for your gee to win. I've given all my friends the same advice, and they are most enthusiastic about 'Duggie.'"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London